

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

A friend of mine the other day told me something interesting about a conversation with a popular preacher a few days ago, when he enquired his attitude on the Sunday street car question. The clergyman said that he had no particular beliefs in the matter, and that when he was confronted with the question how he would go or how he would speak, he decided that he held a brief from the people who composed his congregation to oppose the Sunday cars. He said, "You know three-quarters of my congregation believe that the Sunday street cars will introduce all sorts of devilment into Toronto, and that when the first car goes through the trailer will contain the devil and his arch-angels and an outfit ready to turn the whole city upside down. I don't believe this, but what can I do?"

It is very difficult for any man in any walk of life to do exactly the right thing without destroying himself. It really requires genius for a man to be independent and to do what he thinks is best without regard to public opinion, or that phase of public opinion which happens to be affording him support. It is easy to say, "Do right," but a man with a family has to ask, where will the bread and butter come in? How or where shall I be employed if I do as I see fit? Larger, however, than these questions of bread and butter, is the one which is presented by the clergyman who holds that his public duty is defined by the "brief" he holds from his congregation. Following this interesting topic to its source, do we not find that congregations are a mere collection of people of similar views, who hold peculiar views and desire certain social rules to prevail in the ordinary life of individuals?

Their pastor is a gentleman engaged to present what is pleasing and acceptable to those who hear him. If he has a "brief" in the street car question, he necessarily has a "brief" on every other question. If they believe in immersion he must be an immersionist; if they believe in the direct action of the Holy Ghost he must believe with them; if they believe in the perfection of the saints he must believe in that, and so on through the long list of somewhat unintelligible things in which people believe and to which other great masses of people object.

There is no valid objection to be offered to the idea that the pastor of a church is a spiritual lawyer engaged by the congregation to defend their cause and to advance their influence. The only thing which deserves attention is the attitude of the churches towards the unregenerate outsider, and the peculiar posture towards the "unclassified" of the gentleman who presents the case of the church twice on Sunday and at prayer-meeting, and when opportunity offers. If we understand him to be the solicitor and counsel of a certain portion of the community, we should of course view him with the respect which the influence of his position gives him, but lawyers who look after large estates and big corporations do not wear the uniform of the particular institution they represent; they quietly do their work and their greatest effort is to keep everything quiet. It seems to me it would be a rather peculiar condition of society which would warrant each section of a community engaging a learned counsel to continually present the claims of his particular fraction for advancement or for a reasonable title to a term of life, not to mention eternal life! The idea that public men are properly the mere holders of briefs is not one to be entertained for a moment. If a man is to be regulated as to his utterances and to his attitude by those who support him, we may expect to see organized thieves, prostitutes, debauches and all sorts of people providing themselves with ostensibly pious leaders who will feel constrained to consult their constituents before expressing an opinion.

Though the situation of a spiritual brief-holder who is himself liberal in his opinions while he serves a narrow-minded congregation, is a difficult one, yet he is largely to blame for his embarrassment. The clerical brief-holder has been a great influence in the community for many, many years; the people are spiritually much as he has made them; as the world has grown he has failed to grow with those who have deserted his pews or who slumber in them. His strength is with the few who have retained their sittings and listened open-mouthed and without question to his interpretation of theology; but when the breezes which used to hold his people together begin to scatter them, he stands nonplussed in his pulpit and wonders that his ministrations have been so useless.

It may seem cynical to suggest, but it is quite true, that his lack of revenue, the curtailment of his influence and the general indifference to his society awakens the modern parson to the cold truth that he has ceased to be much of a personage. The church has to be run very much on the lines of a theater in order to obtain a large congregation. Scripture lessons are divided that the somewhat gay music of the choir may have a chance to string in, though of course the clergyman sits enthroned in thought during the interval as if he had requested a moment for silent prayer. Prayers, so the unregenerate suspect, are offered in the same rotation as things are done in the theater, only they are less carefully worded and in an elocutionary way are not

always so well given as the lines of a tragedy. Collections are taken up, assessments made on members, everything indeed is done in the most worldly way, and yet we call this "spiritual life." Objections are made to theaters and worldly amusements. The line between the worst church entertainment and the best theatrical entertainment can never be drawn. The worst church entertainment is so much worse than the best theatrical entertainment that no well balanced person could mistake the difference in favor of the church. The worst theatrical entertainment and the best church entertainment are so far apart and so much in favor of the church, that the church and many of the general public believe that that is the real difference between the two. As a matter of fact, as an educational influence the best

the eyes even of those who think that a certain creed must be swallowed or the naughty place will be the result.

In the face of all these things comes the declaration, which is really the truth with regard to the majority of parsons, that they hold a brief from their congregation or from the religious body which claims their voice and conscience. Lawyers hold briefs without regard to whether their client is right or wrong; doctors attend patients whether they are orthodox, heterodox or heathens; merchants sell goods without respect to personal beliefs; newspapers are published to please the multitude, though occasionally there is an editor who imagines that he ought to tell the truth; now we are forced to believe that clergymen are working on the same scheme. Unlike the

church to engage a miniature opera troupe for anthems in order to make a church popular. Such things may bring the curious and the idle, but the hungry soul will stay away from all sorts of religious circuses, for he is not desiring the amusement, but is looking for satisfaction, for comfort, for something away beyond the mere gratification of the senses for an hour or so. The problem of attracting the multitude and of doing the work begun by the Carpenter of Nazareth, can only be solved by those who know what the human heart sayeth, can only be attended to by those who have suffered and in darkness and sorrow have found the fulfillment of other popular answers to the question of how to be happy.

I reiterate the statement that the people in the average church do not know the world and

sections of the community which wear religious names but are largely lacking in religious impulses of the sort which made the people of old follow the Nazarene and made them lay down their lives because of the things taught by Him Who Died on the Cross.

The statement that the Kingston penitentiary is full is one that should interest every citizen of the country. Why should it be full? A commission has been appointed by the Dominion Government to investigate the running expenses of this big prison, the cost per head of holding the prisoners having increased at a great rate in recent years, but it strikes me that a commission made up of the wisest men in the land might do the country and mankind a lasting service by searching deeply and relentlessly into the causes that have resulted in that penitentiary being crowded. There would be no gain to the sum of knowledge if a commission reported, what we all know, that drink bears most of the blame for making our felons, or that evil associations in youth ruin the after life of many a man. The enquiry would need to go deeper. The weak creature who becomes besotted with liquor is seldom, if ever, a criminal, and the criminal is seldom, if ever, a helpless victim to the appetite for liquor. The vicious man has often a strong nature; he indulges in wild orgies; he may commit crimes while drunk that he contemplated when sober, but when we say that the average criminal makes drink accessory to his crimes we have just about summed up the truth, and I think our police officers will bear out the statement. We have to look beyond liquor for the well-spring of crime. As regards evil associations in youth, we must do something more than organize Sunday schools and print tracts warning boys against bad companions. We have, in fact, to deal with the bad companions and the causes that make them bad.

There is probably not a man in Kingston Penitentiary or outside of it whose intentions are not better than his performances. It is incredible that any man, however perverted his views, could deliberately choose a career that would place him for life, or for a term of years, behind prison bars. It will at least be admitted that any criminal of the lot would, if the choice were open to him, prefer to be at large enjoying life as an honest and successful business man. The inability to see how a good living may be honestly earned has no doubt set many a man planning dishonesties, and so the structure of society—the downing of the multitude beneath the boots of the prosperous and arrogant—is partly responsible for crime, and society is therefore under obligations to do something more than merely punish offenders. Society should ascertain the causes of vice, and remove them if they are removable.

In Toronto there are streets, or portions of streets, made up of old houses quite unfit for human habitation. In these rookeries the lowest ingredients of our population are clustered, and vice cohabits with vice. Children are born in shame and grow up to regard wedlock as a hated police regulation, to be observed only by the timid. Like the use of the bath-tub and the tooth-brush, baptism and marriage are considered fads of that upper society which from infancy they have been taught to sneer at and to prey upon if possible. These children breathe unclean air and drink impurities with their mother's milk. At five and six years of age they run wild upon the streets, eat decayed fruit from garbage-boxes, smoke stubs of cigars picked from the gutters, their knowledge of arithmetic is gained by counting the spots upon dice as they gamble with the coppers gained by selling newspapers, and they learn to spell by counting the letters on lurid theatrical posters, and, of late, the obscene mottoes on those buttons which vile hawkers sell on the corners to children. If, by some off chance, courage and strength of character should repose in one of these youngsters, what is there in his surroundings to guide him in any direction but towards a more bold defiance of the police than his comrades dare show? He sees the wealth of the city protected from him by a blue-coated regiment of police, and it is the tradition of his kind that only the very clever ones can steal without being caught. The policeman is a challenge to the boy. The great stores fill their windows with rich stuffs, the bakeshops display wondrous in the shape of cakes, the jewelry stores blaze with gold and silver, but in the moment of his greatest ambition the boy can never imagine himself possessing a share of the wealth that excites his envy wherever he turns. In winter the saloon door swings open at his touch and he is allowed to warm his chilled marrow by the great glowing coal-stove, and perhaps some drunken man in maudlin pity may buy out his armful of unsold papers and bid him go home. The theater invites him by cheap prices and its seductive sensations into its gallery, and for three hours he forgets himself and slays villains in herland. The churches, sombre, solemn and dignified, fail to attract him; the Salvation Army invites his ridicule. In all his comings and goings he finds no place so warm in winter, so cool in summer, so bright in atmosphere, as the saloon. Here he is not lectured and censured—from the men who lean against its bar he gets a dime when he is "strapped" and a handful of free lunch when he is hungry. He tells himself that when he is a man he, too, will lean against the bar and give away money, lots of it, to poor and hungry boys. This is his ideal of a perfect man.

Our justice is all retributive and not pre-



A YOUNG BEGINNER.

Drawn by H. Looscher.

church service is so vastly ahead of the best theatrical performance that no one in that respect can calculate the difference. But taking the world as a great big place in which many people of various impulses live, both the best church and the best theater should have a place; and the worst church and the worst theater should be avoided by those who do not desire that sort of thing. Nobody is compelled to go to the church in which absurd doctrines are taught and ridiculous performances and really improper practices are encouraged; neither is anybody compelled to go to the theater in which that sort of thing is supposed to be the drawing card. Even the orthodox churches cannot prohibit the absurd performances in churches which they dislike, nor can they make illegal the beliefs and practices of which they disapprove. It is only when these performances and peculiarities are exercised or exemplified outside of the church circle that the unanimous condemnation of the whole clerical outfit falls upon them as if it were the crack of doom.

Appreciate the situation: All sorts of things can go on under the name of religion, no matter how heterodox the religion may be considered by the majority, and it is all right; it is tolerated; good-fellowship and good taste and the desire not to draw too much attention to religious differences make these things allowable in

fishermen and simple-minded apostles who followed Jesus of Nazareth, the gentlemen who are preaching the gospel to-day are simply holding "briefs" for congregations or sects. It is an absurd proposition, for the preacher simply maintains in the ignorance of their belief the people who employ him, and the people who employ him maintain in the hypocrisy of his attitude the man they pay.

This sort of thing is a double-breasted scheme for keeping men blind and for maintaining in their stony nothingness the creeds which make actual, personal, self-sacrificing, Christ-imitating religion impossible. There is a world of folly, wasted energy and the heart-sickness of accomplishing nothing, in this sort of religion. It is so general that the preacher, no matter how zealous he may be, is snared from his genuine career into it; so prevalent and so much of a social conventionality that the people all accept it and never reason out or realize its folly and ineffectuality.

As the world grows older and as it becomes apparent to everybody that people are dropping out of the churches and becoming less observant of the forms and less liable to be tyrannized over by those who hold that the observances are greater than the performances, the clergy themselves should become more thoughtful. It is quite useless for the managers of a

have many unhappinesses in consequence of their ignorance, yet they dictate to the pastors of their churches how they shall live and what they shall preach; the pastors of the churches do not know the world, and they dictate to their congregations who do not know the world, how they shall live and act and what they shall do; and so one end of the affair bounces up against the other end and the result is a stupefied, hysterical attitude which is beneficial to nobody and which is simply destructive of the highest ideals and the widest and most generous impulses. All that I have to say with regard to churches and parsons in this connection has only to do with those who adopt the narrow view, and it is not intended to disparage true religion, for no one can read and believe as I do the beautiful things in the history of Christ, who outside of his divine relationship was the most extraordinary and splendid gentleman who ever lived, without believing that similarity of life would enhance our happiness and the beauty of existence of every individual and family. Add to this the divinity, which no one can doubt—for only the divine impulse could make so complete and beautiful a personage—and it is obvious that we lack a strong temporal but insistent influence to follow Him; and this impulse should be offered us by those who are supposed to preach the gospel, but who in reality are only holding "briefs" for organized



cautionary. Such efforts as are made to uplift the lower strata of society must be credited to a few private organizations. There is probably not a mother in the city of Toronto who would not come half way to meet redemption for herself and family if it came guised otherwise than as an armed policeman. The policeman has grown so familiar in homes of doubtful character as an avenger or the bearer of search warrants, that he is now useful only to terrorize. A half-good woman will tell him lies without any reason and through sheer force of habit and in loyalty to tradition. Search an innocent man three times and you make him a thief; search an honest house three times and its owner becomes a "fence." If, however, the unclean settlements in this city were pulled down and neat houses were built and rented—or provided almost freely by the city or the state—to those who now occupy vile quarters, we should perhaps find that the domestic comforts of a family have a great influence upon its morality. Neat cottages, standing apart, with pure air and good sanitary arrangements, a bath with hot and cold water, clean floors and walls inviting cleanliness of habits, and, above all, no policeman peering in at the window and presuming that all within are thieves and harlots—these are the means whereby we might rescue the submerged and prevent our penitentiaries from being full. The interests of society demand that homes fit to live in be provided for those who are down and sinking deeper, houses exempt from taxation and even rent, rather than that churches be exempt from taxation.

Laws that threaten the half-starved with imprisonment if they do not starve in patience, creeds that threaten them with eternal torment if they sin—these have failed, for our penitentiaries and jails are full, and the galls strain and creak with their gruesome burdens. What we need are laws and creeds that will assist honesty before they punish dishonesty, that will provide food and shelter for the man who does not commit a crime as well as for him who does—a law and a gospel of food and clothing, and heat and light and helpfulness. Deuteronomy should be shelved at last in favor of John.

The members of St. Luke's church, Toronto, have organized a branch of the Church of England Burial Society, and it is understood that other branches will be organized, and that perhaps societies similar in principle will be started in the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies. There should be no "perhaps" about it, for the idea is so good that one would think the mere suggestion of it would guarantee its adoption. It is just a little bit surprising that it should have been left to the Church of England to take the initiative in a movement in this city for cheap funerals, for it is the practice for followers of other denominations to accuse the Anglicans of a leaning towards pomp and ceremony. One might more reasonably have expected this movement to begin with the democratic Methodist church, and certainly we have a right to expect the Methodist and Presbyterian churches to now take up the reform. The purpose of the Burial Society is to make a funeral a simple and sacred ceremony, and not an ostentatious display of expensive trappings. When a member of the society dies, a committee takes charge, procures a modest hearse, a simple coffin, and the entire expense cannot exceed twenty-five dollars in any case, and the average funeral costs much less. No string of cabs are hired to drive people to the cemetery. Those who wish to attend will go direct to the church, where the service will be conducted, and will not be expected to attend at the residence of the deceased or at the graveside.

This thing, if adopted everywhere and carried out, would work a mighty reform. At present wherever death points his finger he not only leaves a victim, but he imposes a tax such as no other tyrant could levy in these days. When a person dies the head of the family, in his hour of grief, calls in an undertaker, who practically has a free hand to provide what he thinks fit and charge what he thinks fit. Whatever the theory may be, this is, in effect, the practice in the average case. A father will not haggle over the price of a coffin for his child, nor try elsewhere for a hearse that will cost less than the one offered. If prices are broached at all, the voice of the undertaker vibrates with so deep a feeling and has such a religious unction that the grief-stricken parent feels that it would be sacrilege to complain. There must be such-and-such a coffin, so much crape, so many pairs of gloves, so many carriages for the pall-bearers and mourners, and so many for friends who desire to follow after. I know of a clerk who lost a child a few years ago, and the funeral cost him over one hundred dollars. Three-quarters of this sum was spent in unnecessary show, quite distasteful to the young parents, but they had in their hour of trial left the whole matter in the hands of an experienced undertaker, whose great kindness soothed them at the time but kept them in debt for months afterwards. This sort of thing probably happens every day. People seem to think—and the idea is encouraged by interested parties—that it is positively indecent to have a funeral without a row of hired carriages to follow the hearse—as many carriages as so-and-so had when they had a funeral. Generally death follows an illness, sometimes a long illness—for doctors, who cannot always save life, are generally fortunate in prolonging one's illness—and so the afflicted family is not in a position to indulge in the wasteful vanities of funerals. If associations are formed, and if well-to-do people join them, the fashion will soon change from lavish display to severe simplicity, and great good will be the outcome.

#### Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Louisa Leslie and Mr. Robert McCulloch was celebrated at the home of Colonel John I. Davidson in St. George street, uncle of the bride, on Wednesday last, and was of the quietest description of house weddings. The previous day had been elect, but quiet for the popular bride-elect, for friends came by the score to wish her good-bye

and would not be denied. Miss Leslie's bridal dress was of heavy duchesse satin with evening seamless bodice of folded satin and bertha of rich pearl passementerie. The veil and wreath were of tulle and orange blossoms. The two cousins of the bride, the young daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, were bridesmaids, in white frocks with pink roses. Mr. Douglass was best man. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch left on the afternoon train for their honeymoon, and on their return will reside in Simcoe street. A very beautiful array of presents was one of the features of this wedding, including a massive silver soup-tureen and ladle from His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, a handsome liquor cabinet from the bachelor friends of the groom, a cheque for five hundred dollars, a dainty and bountiful furnishing for the linen chests from Mrs. Davidson, a pair of bon-bon dishes and tongs from Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, an exquisite lace fan from Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, a dessert table service in silver from the best man, several solid and beautiful candelabra, and hosts of silver of every description from friends able and eager to show their affection for Miss Leslie, with the daintiest of work from fair fingers whose owners gave their warmest wishes and thoughts to the sweet girl who wore her orange blossoms only in the sacred precincts of her home. Everyone is glad that Miss Leslie, as Mrs. McCulloch, is not to be whisked away north or south, but will return to her place in society and be one of Toronto's most charming hostesses.

The marriage of Miss Dora Gooderham, daughter of Mr. C. H. Gooderham, and Mr. Albert Lauten McCormick of Baltimore, took place at eleven o'clock on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 592 Sherbourne street. As I stated some weeks ago, the wedding was of the quietest possible description so far as spectators were concerned, only seventeen people being the whole number of the family and guests who were present. But everything was as beautifully arranged and as elaborate as though the world and his wife had been expected. Vines and flowers transformed the large north salon into a sweet-smelling bower, fit for the nuptial ceremony of the "brave and the fair," as Wagner puts it. Miss Gooderham's gown was of richest satin, cut low and trimmed with lace and pearls. One of the autumn's fairest brides put on the dainty shoes worn by the bride-elect for her, which, as everyone knows, ensures the latter lady against any hard roads to travel in her journey through life. Miss Madge Gooderham, the bride's next sister, was bridesmaid, wearing pale blue, and the remainder of the party were the near relatives of the bride. It is matter of regret that Miss Gooderham's marriage deprives Toronto of a young hostess who, does she follow in the footsteps of her sister, Mrs. Sweetnam, will be all that is charming in a home of her own. Miss Gooderham's bridal gifts were handsome and substantial, and many kind thoughts were wafted her way by her friends on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick left on the afternoon train for their bridal trip, and will make their home in Baltimore.

The Northern Congregational church, Church street, was on Thursday last the scene of a very pretty ceremony, it being the wedding of Mr. Hermann J. Simmers, son of the late Mr. J. A. Simmers, and Miss Amy Pontifex, only daughter of Mr. James Smith of Summerhill avenue. A tasteful display of flowers and palms lent additional charm to the surroundings. The bride wore a handsome cream satin brocaded dress with square train, the bodice being trimmed with chiffon, lace and pearl trimmings, with the customary veil and orange blossoms. She carried a large shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Bessie Burton, and the little flower-girl, Miss Rieta Griffiths, a cousin of the bride, wore cream also and carried bouquets of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. D. A. Coulson, cousin of the groom, and the ushers were Mr. J. J. Ritchie, Mr. Alfred Burton, Mr. C. J. Copp and Mr. W. Ferguson of London. Rev. T. B. Hyde officiated. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, Avon Villa, Summerhill avenue, when the happy couple left on a trip through the Eastern States. The guests were the immediate relations and intimate friends of the bride and groom, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Anton Simmers, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Elgie, Mrs. Arthur Coulson, Mr. D. A. Coulson, Mr. Joseph Jackes, Mrs. Clausen, Mrs. J. E. Smith, Mr. W. A. Smith, the Misses Smith, Mrs. W. G. Davis, Miss Davis, Mr. Walter Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cable, Miss Bertha Cable, Mrs. R. Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Marks, Mr. and Mrs. George Marks, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien (president of Royal Academy), Miss Price, Miss Ritchie, Messrs. Hugh and Jack Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. A. Y. Scott, Miss Elgie, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mr. H. W. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hodgetts, Mrs. and Miss Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. and Mrs. James Watson, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Miss Elliot, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Clark, Mrs. Copp, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Copp, the Misses Copp, Mr. John Gemmel, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Kanady, Miss Kanady, Mr. and Mrs. N. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, Mrs. W. and Miss Worden, Rev. and Mrs. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Burton, Mr. A. O'Brien, Dr. and Miss Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, the Misses Robinson, Mr. J. and Miss Swan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. Joselyn, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson of Barira, Vt., Mrs. J. Murray Smith of Montreal, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Laing, the Misses Laing of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Griffiths of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Hunter of Collingwood, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson of London, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ferguson of Meaford, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Aiken of London, Mr. R. T. Laing of Cayuga, Mrs. Daly of Stratford, the Messrs. Ferguson of London, and Mr. F. W. Laing of Revelstoke, B.C.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in Knox church, Dundas, on October 8, the contracting parties being Miss Hattie Kyle of that town and Mr. Alexander L. Johnston of the National of Ireland Insurance Company, Toronto, the knot being tied by Rev. Mr. Lang. The ceremony was witnessed by many Dundas friends, and among those present were: Mayor T. A. Wardell of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Calder, and Mr. and

Mrs. Morley P. Eager of Hamilton. The bride received many gifts and a handsome present from the choir of the church, of which she was organist. After the return of the happy couple from a tour to Montreal, Boston and other points, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will be at home at 167½ Blegcker street after November 2.

A pretty house wedding took place at Holmhurst, the residence of Mr. Charles J. Holman, cousin of the bride, at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, October 8, uniting Miss Emma Josephine Dryden, daughter of Hon. John Dryden, M.P.P., Minister of Agriculture, to Mr. William Wardlaw McMaster, son of Mr. Jas. Short McMaster. Miss Elizabeth Dryden was bridesmaid, while the bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Harry McMaster. Miss Kathleen Burke, Miss Helen Burke, Miss Elsie Dryden and Miss Helen McLain were the four little maids of honor, holding the pink and white ribbons for the bridal party to pass through. The bride was in white, while Miss Elizabeth Dryden and the four little maids wore pink and white. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and maiden-hair ferns. The mantels and doors were hung with garlands of smilax with a profusion of pink and white roses in drooping wreaths. The invited guests comprised the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. W. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Buchanan, Sheriff and Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Mr. Leonard Burnett, M.P., Miss Copp, Mrs. and Miss Barnhart, Dr. and Mrs. Starr. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Thomas, assisted by Chancellor Wallace of McMaster University.

Inviting indeed from the gloomy weather of the wedding evening, was the interior of St. Mark's church, Parkdale, with the stirring strains of the Wedding March, the elegant gowns and smiling faces of Parkdale's fairest maidens there assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Annie Louise Bletsoe, one of the belles of that district, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Bletsoe, to Mr. George Edward Holt. After the service the guests partook of supper at the residence of the bride's parents, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Holt will reside on Dovercourt road, above College street. Their home will be brightened by the many beautiful bridal gifts of their friends.

A concert is to be given on Thursday next in the Pavilion for the piano fund of the Church street school, at which Miss Alexander, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Lee, Miss Massie and Miss C. M. Hodgetts furnish an excellent programme. The tickets are twenty-five cents.

Miss Mary B. Sanford, a clever New York journalist, is visiting friends in Toronto.

After the Philharmonic concert on Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington entertained the Quintette Club and a few friends at supper at the College of Music, Madame Alma Powell, who is a beautiful and clever young songstress, was also present at the hospitable board around which so many famous musicians have sat since the College (and Mr. Torrington) have been among Toronto's most esteemed institutions. Healths were drunk and speeches made, the venerable Mr. Ryan, who has reached, and by two years exceeded, the limit of existence set by the Palmist as enjoyable, but who still plays his beloved clarinet, enjoys a good story and delights in meeting his old friends, giving a little reminiscent sketch of his life since the formation of the first Mendelssohn Quintette Club forty-seven years ago. Signor Quintano, the first violin, made a little speech, recording his belief that the influence of woman is necessary to the fullest development of the artist in expression, which recalls Mary Anderson's critic, who said: "She can act—if she would only fall violently in love." Herr Henneberg gave a jolly little speech. The Herr hails recently from Winnipeg. A most cordial and kindly speech from Mr. Torrington, and a very pleasant and social atmosphere generally, characterized the *petit souper*, where with the visiting musicians were also Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin, Herr Ruth, and Mr. Gerhard Heintzman. At the concert of the earlier evening I noticed: Sir Cassimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Gzowski, looking very lovely in a black evening frock with bows of crimson velvet; the rector of St. James', Dr. Sullivan, Captain Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Captain and Mrs. Michie, Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Miss Maud Givins, Mr. and the Misses Drynan, Mrs. Neville, and a radiant row of young ladies from Rolleston House, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, and many more well known social and musical lights.

Mrs. Graham of Bloor street east will give an afternoon reception on Saturday, October 21. This will be, I fancy, rather in the nature of a house-warming, being the first affair given by Mrs. Graham since the family removed from the old home at the corner of Gerrard and Church streets last summer. The new house is everything that a home should be, and is beautifully situated, facing Jarvis street and overlooking to the north the picturesque Rosedale ravine, which is just now in its most splendid tints.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross of Winnipeg, who have been boarding for some months in town, have taken up house at 180 Bloor street east.

Now that society is largely gathered city-ward for the winter, one misses the weekly Wednesdays at Government House. It is hoped that with her usual sweet selfishness the *châtelaine* will open her salons in November and allow her friends to take advantage of one of their pleasantest chances of meeting for tea and talk. But I have not heard whether such is to be the case.

Mrs. FitzGibbon, who has been so long abroad, is, I hope, to remain in Toronto this winter. She is one of the people society cannot spare and not very much feel her absence.

Gore Vale, where so many smart parties have dined and danced in seasons alas! gone far away, is now occupied by Professor and Mrs. Shaw and several lady students of the School of Elocution. On Saturday afternoon a small

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## Social and Personal.

The occasion of the presentation by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the diplomas won by the members of the various classes gotten up last season for the study of emergency aid and sick-bed attendance, called together quite a smart assembly to St. George's Hall last Thursday week. There came the mistress of Government House, the various ladies who had convened and chaperoned the classes, and also taken an active part in their exercises, and all the fair dames and damsels who have learned to tie an artery, bandage a sprain or temporarily splint a fracture to the satisfaction of their lecturing physicians. Various were the remarks on the large cards which were presented to the successful candidates, and more than one fair one remarked, "We should have had medals!" which was funny of them, was it not? The idea of expecting medals for allowing oneself to be taught to be useful in an emergency, according to the "ministering angel" idea of the poet of Abbotsford! The guests were very much edified by speeches, short and sweet, from the Lieutenant-Governor, Judge Kingsmill and Dr. Dixon. Mrs. Boulton read a financial statement showing a balance, after all disbursements, of over a hundred dollars. Then the ladies went up, one by one, like dear big school children, and got their cards. Many people glanced questioningly at a row of men, evidently belonging to the ranks of the horny-handed, and wondered what they waited for, evidently with interest. It turned out that there were certificates of proficiency for them also, as they were members of a class studying first aid to the wounded. And the benefit of such knowledge as they have acquired cannot be over-estimated, concerning as it does a section of society exposed to the vagaries of machinery, electricity and steam. The fine fellows who composed the class were clapped as they went forward for their certificates. After the presentation and speechifying, most of the company repaired to Mrs. Sterling Ryerson's residence on College street for a dainty afternoon tea. The drawing-rooms were crowded and a most enjoyable hour was spent. Miss Mulock assisted Mrs. Ryerson in looking after the guests, among whom were many prominent people. Dr. and Mrs. Brown of Surrey, Eng., were present, and the doctor expressed his gratification at the proficiency and interest displayed by the classes.

On the same afternoon Mrs. Alfred Benjamin gave a large tea for her sister, Miss Rachel Levy of London, Eng., who has been for some weeks on a visit to her. No extra adornments are necessary for the beautifying of the Benjamin ménage, which is always a charming and artistic home. Mrs. Benjamin received and introduced her sister, who was prettily gowned in pale blue, with many soft fluffs and frills of chiffon on a smart frock. Miss Meyers, with several young ladies, supervised the tea-room, where a buffet was elegantly spread and decorated with roses, many of which were scattered about the reception and drawing-rooms. The two little daughters of the hostess were also aids in offering sweets and ices to the guests. D'Alesandro's harpers played very sweetly during the reception. Among Mrs. Benjamin's two hundred guests I noticed: Mrs. C. H. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Mrs. A. J. Somerville, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. A. J. Snow, Mde. R. de la Sabliere, Mrs. A. J. Temple, Mrs. E. Fisher, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Streamer, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. S. Lorie, Mrs. H. N. Loeser, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Mrs. J. K. McDonald, Mrs. G. McDonald, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Youngheart, Mrs. A. Myers, Mrs. Frankel, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Faeder, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Rowan, Mrs. Scheuer, Mrs. Strauss, Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. E. Bristol, Mrs. C. R. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Birkenthal and Mrs. Hooper.

Mrs. Proctor gave a large afternoon tea on Thursday of last week with Miss Hill, who assisted the hostess in receiving. As this affair and Mrs. Ryerson's tea were immediately *dos-a-dos*, on adjoining streets, people kept dropping in from one to the other until some time past six o'clock. Mrs. Proctor wore a handsome black velvet gown, with jet and black and white puffed chiffon, the choice admirably suiting her clear complexion and lovely white *coiffure*. A bewildering bevy of pretty girls were in the tea-room, and the gabbles and laughter were an earnest of what we have before us this winter. The bicycling young lady has acquired an amount of vitality which is simply amazing, and she no longer yawns and watches the clock at her daily round of afternoon social duties. The matrons have perhaps benefited more than the girls by the limbering of their joints and the hardening of their muscles, the expansion of their lungs and the sense of absolute freedom which one enjoys during cycling days. I saw during the week several cycling couples, mother and daughter, but which was which only a close survey disclosed. The mothers looked so trim and young, and set so good a pace, that ten and twenty years were forgotten between them and their girls. Which is delightful for everybody.

Mr. Bridgman-Simpson is away to England for the nuptial ceremony of his brother, Mr. George Bridgman-Simpson, who espouses Mary, the second daughter of the Earl of Fortescue this month. We are developing quite an aristocratic connection in social circles, which will doubtless strengthen the ties already so strong to the land across the sea.

The bicycle maniac should be shot on sight. The term fiend is no longer appropriate, for the fiend has brains, but the maniac is a reckless, wicked and irresponsible terror for whom no consideration should be shown. The newest of his minor performances is to scorch along the devil-strip on College street and when he sees a rider approaching to yell, "Right of way," and accelerate rather than diminish his speed, thereby frightening women unaccustomed to such hoodlum conduct and sometimes causing serious injury to himself and his scared *cicatrice*. On Sunday evening a lady rider was carefully turning out on his approach, but he shouted at her in a bullying tone just the same. Someone should lie in wait for him with a blunderbuss and speak to him gently with the same. An esteemed citizen lies at home, disfigured in a shocking manner, through an



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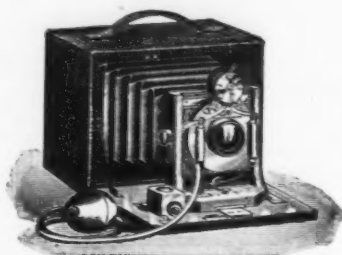
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unavoidable collision with a bicycle maniac a day or two since. A pair of horses with rattled tempers and rent harness, and a driver with a dislocated shoulder, and a fall overcoat ruined, are further victims to the right-of-way maniac's ride on a quiet Toronto Sabbath afternoon. Prithree give us one trolley to run over him!

Mrs. Joseph B. Reed's handsome residence on Prince Arthur avenue and Bedford road was crowded with guests invited to meet Mrs. Le Grand Reed, the newest addition to the family. Mrs. Le Grand Reed is charming, adding to a beautiful face and form a manner which attracts everyone, and on Thursday evening she showed the *savoir faire* and mettle of a matron of as many years' experience as she herself has probably had years of existence. A plainly made evening gown of pink, falling low from her plump shoulders, and a very pretty and unstudied *coiffure*, which would have been trying to a less attractive face, was what one noticed after the beaming smile and the bright eyes had done their first work of conquest. There was no music; in fact, a corner would have been hard to find in which to stow away an orchestra, but the short reception, which was stated from eight to ten, but which probably was not over for hours later, was merry as well as brilliant. Mr. Reed's smoking room, a nook well known by many of our young men, is a gem in its way; the ceiling and frieze are of dull blue, shrouded by festooned fishing nets,

and when a cosy coterie of smokers fills the upper air with dim clouds, and the smoke creeps between the falling netting, the effect is perfectly soothing and artistic, and soul of man dreams the dreams of peace and satisfaction with life in general, and that pleasant place in particular. Mrs. Le Grand Reed is residing at 36 Prince Arthur avenue and receives on Fridays.

Mrs. Hardy, who is settled comfortably in the Mowat residence at 63 St. George street, was inundated by a fashionable swarm of callers on Tuesday. The delightful weather and the fact that the Premier's wife has already a large circle of Toronto friends, both by right of her former residence in the city and by the power of personal attraction, combined to tempt a very large number of ladies to pay their first call on her in her new home and position. Mrs. Hardy, who is not blessed with grown-up daughters to help lift the burden of hospitality, was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Baldwin, and all the afternoon the large *salon* so well known to the friends of the ex-Premier and his family was filled with callers. The advent of the new Premier and his charming wife to Toronto as residents is welcomed by everyone.

Mrs. Burnham was also kept busy receiving her girlhood friends in her new home in St. George street. This young matron is one of the ardent cyclists, to whom a compulsory stay-at-home on such a lovely day as was Tuesday is a deprivation which her friends quite appreciate. Several naughty creatures wheeled up and down the busy thoroughfare where society visits on Tuesdays, and when upbraided by would-be callers who caught sight of them for their absence from their popular drawing-room, shrugged their pretty shoulders, looked from the perfect heavens to the gorgeous trees, sniffed the balmy breezes and remarked airily, "Sit in state to-day! *Pas si bete, ma chere!*" And, surely, no one could blame them.

Mrs. Clay of Chicago (nee Oliver of Woodstock) is staying with her sister, Mrs. J. G. Macoun.

Mrs. J. Stephen Monahan of 93 Broadbalt street has just returned from Lindsay much benefited by the trip, and will now receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Mrs. Edgar Doward is the guest of her brother, Mr. Metcalfe, warden of Kingston Penitentiary.

On Monday afternoon, October 12, the residence of Mrs. Carlyle Johnstone of College street was the scene of a quiet, pretty wedding, when Mr. Charles Augustus Cobbold of London, England, and Miss Theo. Agnes Sinclair of the Isle of Wight were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Mrs. Johnstone's little daughter, Muriel, acted as maid of honor; the groomsmen was Mr. George R. Sweeney of this city. The bride, being in mourning for her mother, was handsomely gowned in gray with bodice of white chiffon, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. In the absence of Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D., the ceremony was performed by his assistant, Rev. C. H. Shortt. The bride's health was drunk in sparkling champagne, the groom responding in appropriate terms. Mr. and Mrs. Cobbold are staying at the Arlington for a time previous to going to their country place near Grimby.

The marriage of Miss Fannie Lowther and Rev. Lewis Nichols of Lock Haven, Pa., will take place on October 27.

Mr. F. X. Cousineau has returned from a pleasure and business trip to France, England and Eastern Canada. Miss Cousineau, who remained in Paris for voice culture, will not return to Toronto for two years.

Mrs. Rigby has, I regret to learn, been the victim of a bicycle collision, and severely injured her face. The Dean and Mrs. Rigby have so many friends that it will give much satisfaction to know that Mrs. Rigby is getting well over her unfortunate mishap, for which no one is more sorry than the cyclist who is responsible therefor.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. S. Smythe have removed from 51 McMillan street, where they have resided for three years past, to 18 North street.

Captain and Mrs. Forester returned from England last week, and are at 30 St. George street. On Tuesday Captain Forester had a toss while following the hounds, but with no serious result.

I caught a brief glimpse one morning early last week of Sir William and Lady Meredith and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey taking an invigorating spin on their bicycles in the direction of High Park.

Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem returned from England last week, and on Monday many old friends called to welcome them back to Sylvan Towers and Toronto.

Miss Walton, who has been on a short visit to friends in Toronto, left for home last Saturday.

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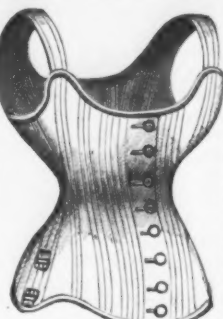
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# THE STREET SINGER

By E. Nesbit in The Minster.

AN October evening in one of our dreariest suburbs. True, the veil of night was over the ugly yellow brick houses, but the lights in the windows betrayed their ineluctable shape, and the yellow gas lamps, flaring through the thin misty rain, disclosed more than enough of dull suburban monotony. Inside the houses, behind genteelly drawn blinds and stiff white curtains, one knew that the same kind of dull people were, in each house, saying the same kind of dull things, eating the same kind of dull suppers, and at the same dull hour betaking themselves to the same dull dreams.

The roads were deserted, for in Brockley the people never go out much in the evening, and when they do, they go early and don't drive even in hired carriages; and the tradesmen's carts had ceased to ply long before. Only the infrequent policeman and the postman, belated in the rain, broke the silence of the long dreary streets.

But about half-past ten the door of one of the primmest houses in Wisteria road opened and let out a young man, equipped with mackintosh and umbrella. He picked his way down the wet steps, and turned to walk up the solitary road.

"It's an awful thing," he thought to himself, "to have to visit an uncle living in such a suburban fastness as this. No trains, no omnibuses, no trams, no cabs—not that I could afford one if there were."

He turned up the collar of his coat and splashed down the silent street. At the extreme end of the long road another figure was advancing towards him; but he did not see it until, through the patter of the rain on his umbrella and the ring of his footsteps on the shiny pavement, he became aware of another sound—some one was singing somewhere.

"Some one has got a party, I suppose," he said, for he knew well enough that the ordinary family evening of Wisteria road does not live later than ten o'clock.

The next minute he was aware that it was a woman in the road who was singing—a beggar woman plodded forlornly through the puddles and sang Jock o' Hazledean sadly—sadly and slowly, as though it were a dirge. That is the peculiarity of the street singer. But the voice! No street singer that this young man had ever heard possessed a voice that could compare with those tender, vibrating notes.

The woman came nearer, nearer. Just as she perceived the passer-by the song came to an end, and she advanced timidly towards him with hand outstretched. He stopped and looked. She was dressed in the shabbiest old black. Her hair was dragged down over her face and plastered around her ears; she wore a miserable rag of a black bonnet, sodden with the rain; not a picturesque detail of dress about her; and yet, even so, the woman was so beautiful that the man drew his breath in sharply, involuntarily.

"What on earth," he said, with sharp decision, "do you mean by being out at this time of night in such weather as this?"

"I have been singing ever since seven," she answered, in a very low voice, "and I have only taken a penny so far, and that," she added, with the faintest ghost of a smile, "was from the water-rate collector."

"You live about here, then?"

"I—I have done so," she said hesitatingly.

"But how is it," he said, "that you—pardon me my curiosity, but it's not exactly curiosity. Can't you get something better to do than this?"

"I did once," she said.

"Which way are you walking?" he asked. "I will walk beside you if you will allow me. Tell me if there is not any way in which I could help you."

He walked beside her and she told him her story—a pitiful little story, old as time and common as trouble.

Her mother had had an annuity which had died with her. She herself had tried to earn a living by teaching, had been on the stage, had been hurt by the falling of a scene—in hospital—could get no more work, so now tried street singing, hoping to save up enough to buy a sewing-machine and take in shirts at fourpence ha'penny a dozen.

By the time she had ended her story, they had reached a more frequented thoroughfare where trams run and trains are within reach. She stopped.

"Good-bye," she said; "it's very good of you to have taken any interest in me."

"Give me your address," he said. "I will see. Something must be done."

"37 Mill lane, Deptford," she answered, without a moment's hesitation, "name of Thompson."

Her face looked very pale in the full gaslight of the public-house at the corner.

"All right," he said, "you'll hear from me; and for God's sake keep out of the streets."

He held out his hand with his card in it and a coin.

"It's all I've got," he said; and the girl knew instinctively that it was not only the last coin he had, but the last he was likely to have for some little time. Her fingers closed on it mechanically, but when she saw it was a half-sovereign, she turned.

"No, no," she said; "I can't—you mustn't—"

But he had plunged into the stream of life in the busy thoroughfare, and was lost in its hurrying tide.

She looked at the card in her hand. "Mr. G. Massey, Middle Temple." She looked at it, sighed, smiled, raised her eyebrows, but the bit of pasteboard in the bosom of her dress, and with the half-sovereign between her teeth walked thoughtfully away.

When George Massey became engaged to the beautiful Miss Halifax, his world pronounced him the happiest of men; her world, on the other hand, wondered what on earth she could see in the fellow. Not badly off, and good-looking, certainly in an unstriking, bourgeois sort of way, a barrister, practically briefless, with a fine baritone voice,

and an unconquerable tactlessness that was the despair of his relations and the terror of his best friends. Yet at their very first meeting Miss Halifax distinguished him by certain marks of deference and attention, of the slightest indeed, but slight as they were, far more than she had accorded to any other man.

"I think you are wrong, Kate," said her aunt some weeks after the engagement was announced; "this young man seems to me to be entirely unsuited to you in character, mind, and person. There's a coarseness about him, the thing the French call *brutale*. No; I will use a French word if I like. It's no use your telling me you can translate it by 'brutal,' for you can't."

"But, my dear aunt," said Kate, looking up from the letter she was writing, "you have always brought me up to believe that love was the one thing to marry for, and there certainly can be no doubt that he loves me."

Mrs. Halifax looked at her critically.

"And you say it in that voice, as calmly as if you were talking of the color of his neckties—which, by the way, are always in the worst possible taste—and yet you expect me to believe that you love him."

"I do more than love him," said Kate with decision; "I respect him. I know him to be a thoroughly good man; and I am perfectly certain that respect is a better provision to marry on than boy and girl fancies and 'valentine flummery.'"

"You will find out your mistake, my dear," said her aunt, placidly smoothing her black satin lap; "and my only hope is that you will not find it out too late. The thing you call 'valentine flummery' is the thing that moves the world, remember."

Kate laughed.

"Dear aunt, I wish you had put on your cap with the forget-me-nots in it. You should always wear forget-me-nots when you are going to talk sentimentally. With that bird-of-paradise plume you ought to be of the world, worldly. And I have just written to him telling him I will do as he says—go down and see his people on Wednesday morning."

"Have they asked you to spend the day? That's rather awful, isn't it? I wonder what kind of family you are marrying into."

"I wish you would come with me," said Kate.

"My dear, your 'young man's' relations may call on me if they like. I am certainly not going down to Merton to call on them. Not even the rapture of 'spending the day' with them would induce me to do that."

And Mrs. Halifax swept away to a round of more congenial calls. Kate, left alone, fell into deep thought, that puckered her brow and straightened the lines of her mouth. When some visitors were announced half an hour later, she rose with a sigh that melted into the smile with which she welcomed them.

George Massey met her at the station next day with the dog-cart, and as they drove back to his mother's house the frown came back to Kate's forehead more than once. George had a way of saying things—not things that ought not to be said, but things that might be said—in a way in which you would rather that no one said them. And in the mouth of your affianced husband little things annoy you which would pass unnoticed in the talk of an ordinary acquaintance.

"I have arranged it all delightfully," he said, as they drove along. "My mother and sister have gone out to lunch, and my cousin as likely as not won't turn up till the four o'clock train."

Kate looked at him with wide-opened eyes. "But you said your mother wished me to spend the day!"

"Ah! that was just my artfulness. I wanted to get you alone for a whole morning to myself. They expect you to come after lunch, and you must pretend that you misunderstood my letter."

Kate turned hot to the ends of her fingers and feet.

"You must be joking," she said coldly, "and pardon me if I say it, I think the joke is not a good one."

He laughed heartily.

"It would be a very poor one indeed," he said, "if it were a joke, but it isn't. It's simply a very clever and delightful arrangement of my own, I consider, and I shall have you to myself for three hours to kiss and talk nonsense to."

Kate ground her little teeth together. Though they had been engaged for more than four weeks, she had been very little alone with her lover, and the prospect of spending three hours with him was so suddenly and unexpectedly detestable to her that she felt her heart sick at the thought that she had promised to spend with him not three hours only, but all her life.

"You look awfully pretty to-day," he said in the tone of one who makes conversation. "I don't like aesthetic things as a rule, but I must say they suit you. Only when you are Mrs. George I shan't want you to wear things that are so—so noticeable, you know."

"I see," said Kate; "you want your wife to be exactly like everybody else's wife."

"That's the idea," he answered cheerfully. "Nothing *outré* you know; nothing to set people chattering about Mrs. George Massey. Woe there, steady."

Kate's annoyance at his trick to secure a *tele-a-tele* was quite strong enough to have induced her to return to town by the next train, but it had to fight against a nervous horror of a scene and a longing to be alone, if it were only for the space custom allows for "taking off one's things." So she submitted to be shown by a bright-faced chamber-maid to Mrs. Massey's spacious room, shiny with mahogany and looking-glasses, and there, alone, she stamped her little foot on the Brussels carpet and swore. I don't mean to say that even in her inmost heart she said "D—," or any wicked word of that sort; but she was filled with a raging fury, which in the lower organisms finds vent in such empty phrases.

When she had taken off her hat and gloves,

and bathed her face with fresh water, she felt calmer and more reasonable. It was only George's manner, and even the maddening folly of inducing her to come in the morning had been dictated by his love for her. Did she not know, had she not the best of reasons for knowing, that he was thoroughly good, thoroughly kind-hearted? She went downstairs prepared to do her best to get through the day somehow, with only a subconscious determination to reconsider her engagement—some time.

She found her lover waiting for her in the smart drawing-room, a crushing contrast in furniture and feeling to her own drawing-room in Kensington, where nothing was new and everything harmonized. Here nothing was old and nothing rhymed with anything. A very new-looking conservatory at the end of the room was a redeeming point, for very few flowers have it in their power to be vulgar. The petunia triumphantly achieves vulgarity, the calceolaria and African marigold come near it; but the geranium is only bright and bourgeois.

It was amid the geraniums and ferns that Kate elected to seat herself in a wicker chair. There are other advantages in glass houses besides the relaxation of the moral obligation to throw stones. George had to sit at a distance calculated to disarm the curious inspection of the pair of gardeners at work on the lawn outside.

Kate was wearing a pale green gown, with some soft silk embroidery on breast and wrists. Her color was a shade deeper than the shell-pink usual to her, and her eyes shone more brightly for that they had, ten minutes before, been dangerously near tears. She looked so beautiful, so sweet, so altogether desirable as she sat there against the bright background of leaves and blossoms, that a ray of genuine humiliation and understanding illuminated George's soul for a moment, and he said:

"Oh, my darling, I don't know what I have ever done to deserve you. How could you care for a fellow like me?"

To the genuine note rang the genuine echo. "Because I knew that you were good and kind, and that one might trust you."

George bit his mustache, vaguely searching himself for something that should answer to this description of him.

"I made up my mind long ago," she went on, still under the spell of that one true-hearted utterance of his, "that if I ever met you again, and you liked me, I would marry you."

"What?" said George.

She did not repeat her words, but their sense reached his brain even when he listened for her to repeat them.

"When have you met me before?" he asked. "That night at the Dalrymple's was the first time, that happy night—"

"Have you forgotten," she said softly, "one wet, wretched evening in Brockley? There was a poor woman singing in the street, and you talked to her kindly, and promised to help her to find work, and when you left her you gave her your name and half-a-sovereign—your last."

"I!" cried George. "My dear Kate, you must be dreaming. I never talked to a beggar-woman in my life, much less gave her half a sovereign."

"Ah! it's all very well for you to deny it, and very noble of you, but do you think I could forget your face, even though I only saw it in the poor light of street lamps? And, besides, you forget you gave me your name."

"Gave you my name! Do you mean to say that you have sung in the streets for money?" Kate's chin went an inch higher, and a dangerous light came into her eyes; her heart beat high with exquisite hope as she looked straight at him and said, "Yes."

He rose and paced the conservatory from end to end; not very far, so he did it twice.

"Let's have this distinctly understood," he said, and there was an altered tone in his voice that made her remember her aunt's estimate of him. "Do I understand that you were at one time singing in the streets for a livelihood? Good God, I never thought to enquire about your people! You seemed respectable enough."

"It's quite true," she said, holding her head still higher, "that I have sung in the streets for money; and what then?"

"What then?" he answered. "Why this. I can't be too thankful that my poor mother has been spared meeting you. It would have been so much more painful, he added quickly, regaining a little grasp of the customs of his class, "it would have been so much more painful to you to break it off after you had been introduced to my people, whereas you can go back home, and you can write and break it off. No one has seen you, and I'll stand by anything you say."

He felt very generous as he said this. "Our engagement is ended, then?" she said.

How beautiful she was. He almost wished he hadn't been so precipitate. He might have made enquiries. Perhaps it wasn't so bad as it looked. But, then, a wife with a past! What a clog for a rising man in his career!

"Of course," he began, "if you have anything to say—"

"No, I have nothing much to say," she answered cheerfully, and he knew by the tone of her voice, and the curl of her lip, that it was too late for him to reconsider his decision. "I have nothing to say, except that I sang in the streets at Brockley for the sake of a foolish joke. It was very silly of me. I am very sorry for it."

"I hope," he said, "you won't think I have treated you badly, but I couldn't possibly marry a girl who thought it right to outrage all the conventionalities of society for the sake of a foolish joke."

This wasn't true. If he had, known at first that she had sung in the streets, not from necessity, but from mere folly, he would have forgiven her, but he saw the ice in her eyes, and knew that all that was left him was to accept the situation, as he had made it, with what dignity he might.

She had risen, and was standing with her hand on the back of her chair.

"I'm going home," she said; "but before I go, tell me truthfully—did you not give me that half-sovereign?"

"No."

"Then who could it have been?"

"My cousin Gen, I suppose. He's rather like me, and his cards are printed G. Massey. You know my cards have George on them. But he doesn't like to print his name because it's Gengulphus, and he says it's ridiculous."

As he spoke, a young man came up the con-

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servatory steps from the garden, bowed gravely to Kate, and passed through into the house, but as he passed she recognized in him the man she had taken his cousin George to be, and he recognized in her the poor singer to whom he had once given his heart's sympathy, and his last half-sovereign.

And so it was all a mistake, aunt, and you were quite right and I was quite wrong, and George is a perfect beast, and I can't think how I ever could have liked him. Only you see I didn't like him—at least, I mean it wasn't him I liked, but somebody quite different; and oh, dear! aunt, it's astonishing what a fool a girl can make of herself if she tries."

"I can't be too thankful," Mrs. Halifax answered, "that you found it out in time. I am quite certain you would never have lived with him for six months. I should have had you running back to me some fine night with the information that George was a fool and a brute, and you couldn't stand him another minute. It's much better as it is."

"Yes, much," said Kate, still with a little frown on her forehead, "much better, only—"

It was three months later, at the winter exhibition of Old Masters, that Kate Halifax and Gengulphus Massey met again. He hesitated a moment, and then went up to her. "You have done well, I see, and all your troubles are over, I hope?"

"Your cousin did not tell you, then?" "My cousin told me nothing."

She blushed crimson with a shame at her escape which she had not felt under George's reproaches.

"It was all humbug; it was a pack of awful lies. But I was obliged to tell them to keep up my character. I only sang in the street for a joke—at least it wasn't exactly for a joke's sake, but because a girl laughed at me, and said I should be afraid to do it."

He looked at her with an unspoken enquiry in his eyes. She looked down and twisted her catalogue tightly between her fingers.

"I was engaged to your cousin George," she said in a low voice.

The expression of his face changed. "Engaged to George?" he repeated.

"Yes," she answered hurriedly, "but it was only because I thought it was he who had given me the half-sovereign—at least, I don't mean that, but—"

"And what did you do with the half-sovereign?" he asked.

She pulled at a black cord around her neck and a gleam of gold appeared.

"I have always worn it around my neck," she said, "in remembrance of that night. It was, it was—such fun, you know," she added lamely. "Oh! aunt, this is Mr. Massey, the cousin of the other one, you know."

Poor Kate was sick with nervous excitement and a burning sense of her own folly, past and present. Mrs. Halifax raised her double eye-glass and looked from one to the other for fully half a moment before she spoke. Then her cool, calm tones sounded pleasant and comforting to both of them.

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## QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published.

Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

### A TWELVE POUND APPLE.

Word reaches Queer Corner that an apple weighing 12 lbs. was grown in an orchard near London, Ont. The story goes that this immense apple was cut up into slices and eaten at some festive party organized for the purpose, and our correspondent got his information from a man who claimed to have eaten a slice of it himself. If there is any truth in the story we should be pleased to hear from some responsible person in regard to it. In the meantime, this apple story reminds us of the conundrum: Johnnie had three apples, he ate two and had two left, how do you account for that? Simply enough—Johnnie lied.

### A BABY SHOW.

There was a baby show at the fair at Merrickville, Ont. The first prize winner was a baby girl belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Johnston of Wolford, Mrs. William Miskelly of Merrickville had a boy and got second, and Mrs. J. A. McCreary of Smith's Falls third. We have written to these happy mothers for photographs of these prize babies, and if they really think their children prettier than the average they will send pictures which will be published in this Corner in an early issue.

### THE QUEEREST TOWN IN ENGLAND.

The most upside down place in England is Northwich. A stranger wonders whether he or the town is drunk, and soon he finds that it is the town. The houses lean against each other in the most helpless way. Northwich is the center of the salt works, and all around the



A Drunken Town.

town engines are pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week from submarine lakes of it two or three hundred feet below the surface. The crust of the earth subsides in places, and so it is that the houses are made to lean against each other in the manner shown in our drawing.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

Old Oliver Rodney, the colored gentleman who used to peddle firewood from door to door in Sarnia years ago, was once a proud man. At the time Rodney was a fuel merchant he had in his delivery outfit a set of mules which one would think were pensioned street car propellers, so bony and dilapidated were they. Rodney's finances did not allow him to use anything better than a hempen harness; and only once (at the time of each Dominion election) were they given a feed of oats. By skillful bartering a second-hand harness of pure leather was finally procured, but collars were not included in the deal. But at last a kind white man—in two ways a white man—took pity on Old Oliver and presented him with a fairly good pair. Highly elated, the old darky carried home his coveted prize and said to his hired man: "Dan Kwosby, yo' go out an' hang dem collars in front of dem hosses an' make 'em feel proud all night." Dan obeyed. In the morning at four o'clock Oliver Rodney arose from his slumber to examine the improvement in his live stock, and on doing so returned to the house to awaken his man servant by ejaculating: "Dan Kwosby! What yo' dinks? Dem dere hosses done gone eat de stuffin' out'n dem dere collars, and dere bellies hang away down!" A good square meal of sawdust was too much for even Rodney's horses, so they died. Since then Rodney's skin has actually turned white, which fact enables him to earn salary enough as a freak in a tramp circus to drown his sorrow in the shallow shoal of Burgundy very frequently.

### WILD MAN OF BORNEO.

Ackley, Pa., Oct. 8.

FOOLISH PARTRIDGES.

Partridges are doing very foolish things this season. At Thornbury one flew violently against a building, fell to the ground and was picked up by a passer-by. On Sunday, October 4, a partridge flew through an 8x10 inch pane of glass in the dining-room window of Dr. Cunningham's residence in Clarksburg. The doctor, with true hospitality, insisted that it should remain for dinner, which it did. A precisely similar case is reported from Perth, Ont., a partridge flying in through a pane of glass and being eaten to pay for the window.

### HIGH COMMISSIONER, PLEASE NOTE.

To show how hazy is the knowledge of American geography in some high places in England, we have only to say that on Monday we received a marked copy of *The Family Churchman*, published at 27, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C., addressed to "The Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, U. S. A."

### SHE BETS HER HEART.

Uncle Sam's presidential election will decide whether Miss Alice Younger and Mr. T. J. Stanton of Perry, Oklahoma, are to become husband and wife. Miss Younger declares that if Bryan is elected she will wed Mr. Stanton, and if McKinley is elected she will not.

### FLYING MACHINES.

Otto Lilienthal, a young German engineer, invented the flying-machine of which we here give a picture. He made many successful

experiments with it, but about a month ago it crashed to earth with him and he was killed. It consisted of two enormous wings covering an area of eighteen square yards, and a huge tail-like rudder. Octave Chanute, ex-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, has invented a flying-machine which has made such successes that it seems probable that men will soon abandon bicycles for "chanutes," as these flying-machines will probably be called. The frame of the machine, which supports a man, is of willow and spruce, shaped in a general way like a canoe, save that there is a



Lilienthal's Flying Machine.

greater curvature of deck plane and keel. Extending from the frame there are six pairs of wings, with ribs of willow covered with a light silk. But the important improvement is an automatic regulator, which keeps the wings at an angle with the plane of air current through which the machine is carried, and is so arranged that the direction of the current has no effect. The first experimental flight carried the operator 50 feet, he being at the time never less than 2 feet above the ground. He controlled it with ease.

### DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES.

The London, (Eng.) *Daily Mail* contains the following: One of the strangest religious sects in the world exists at Ottawa, Canada. Its members daily dig their own graves, and eat only what they secure by begging. There are just twelve members of the order. Their one garment is a loose brown robe. They wear neither hats, shoes, nor stockings, and each day they perform a little of the task of digging their own graves. Every morning at dawn, be it fine weather or bad, each monk takes the iron spade from his cell and wends his way to the garden, where he solemnly delves in the dewy ground and slowly raises a weight of earth from the spot where one day his own body will be laid. Day by day, shovelful by shovelful, each brother digs his grave, and if he does not die by the time the grave is finished he begins, shovelful by shovelful, to return the cast-up soil. Should death come while the grave is unfinished, the dead man's comrades complete the task for him. Then, after hours of silent prayer, the uncoffined body is lowered into the ground, clad in the garments he has worn during life. After breakfast each member of the sect slings two cotton bags over his shoulder and starts out on his regular tour of begging. The rules of the society forbid its members to do any sort of worldly labor. They are not permitted to own a penny's worth of anything, and none can eat an article which is not received by begging. The brothers pass almost their entire time in begging and praying. Strange to say, these brothers are seldom scoffed at, though most people know their habits. On the contrary, as a brother walks along the streets of Ottawa the small boy stops his game of marbles and doffs his cap respectfully as he passes by.

### THE UNSUBSTANTIAL AGE.

The cheap shams that enter into modern life, and which especially mark life in the United States, are illustrated in the matter of the Chicago post-office. This building was built in 1880 at a cost of \$4,125,000, and last winter it was found to be settling in, was judged unsafe, and in May was sold as old building material for \$15,519. It is now being pulled down and carted away. In the state buildings at Albany, N. Y., there is a magnificent ceiling supposed to be of carved oak and which cost a fabulous sum. One day last winter a workman making some repairs overhead put his foot through the ceiling, and it was discovered to be mere cheap papier-mache.

### SOME QUEER POINTS.

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to hold a tiger.

Mr. C. R. Wile of Leamington, Ont., has a pair of the Duchess variety measuring 14 x 14 inches in circumference and weighing 1 lb. 9 oz.

The seventy-two races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,000 different tongues, and confess to about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years, about one-third of the population dying before the age of seven.

### Young Ladies' School.

Mrs. E. O. Bickford wishes to very highly recommend a young ladies' school in Kingston-on-Thames, England. Prospectus to be seen on applying to Prof. Shaw, Gore Vale, Toronto, and every particular furnished on writing to Mrs. Bickford, care Capt. Norton, South Kensington Museum, London, Eng.

### The Organist of Notre Dame Church.

Prof. A. Beique, organist of Notre Dame Church, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

### Two Sons in Michigan.

Some years ago, before Rudyard Kipling had left India, a few of his short stories found their way into the hands of a small party of railway engineers engaged in constructing the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie Railway. The reading of these Kipling stories whiled away many a long winter evening, and completely won the hearts of the "railroaders." Time passed, the railway line was finished, and two of the engineers became influential officials. One of their first official acts was to call one small town on their new railway line "Rudyard" and another "Kipling." A few weeks ago a Western friend of Kipling's, who was paying him a visit in his Vermont home, told him about the towns in far Michigan bearing his Christian and surname, and gave him the name of the man who christened them, and told how he came to do it. Kipling at once sat down and wrote to the official in question, thanking him for the compliment, and enclosing a copy of the following verses, written in honor of his "two children out in Michigan":

"Wise is the child who knows his sire,"  
The ancient proverb ran,  
But wiser far the man who knows  
How, where, and when his offspring grows,  
For who the mischief would suppose  
I'd sons in Michigan?

Yet am I saved from midnight ills  
That warp the soul of man,  
They do not make me walk the floor  
Nor hammer at the doctor's door.  
They deal in wheat and iron ore—  
My sons in Michigan.

O, tourist in the Pullman car,  
(By Cook's or Raymond's plan),  
Forgive a parent's partial view,  
But, maybe, you have children too—  
So let me introduce to you  
My sons in Michigan.

Photographs of both cities were sent recently to Kipling, who, while admitting that his Western children looked "smallish and coldish at present," expressed a confidence in their ability to develop into "good and lusty cities."

### Gold and Blood.

Many years ago I knew a man who expended a great part of a large fortune in buying gold, in coin and in bars. This he melted, and with human blood and other unique ingredients, labored secretly to prepare a mixture that should arrest all disease, renew vitality, and prolong life indefinitely. I need hardly say that he failed. Not only did he fail, but one day an explosion took place in his laboratory which destroyed the fruits of his toil and left him senseless and badly wounded amid the wreck. The rest of his days were passed in an asylum.

Yet he was not the first man who tried that same experiment, not by thousands. To find the elixir of life was one of the main purposes of the science of alchemy, the barbaric ancestor of the modern science of chemistry. But all that is now discredited. No doctor or student of healing even pretends to possess or to seek an essence of life.

What is undertaken, however, and successfully, is to ascertain the truth about nature's functions, and to help her perform them when they are impeded by disease.

Illustrations of what can be done on this line are plentiful. Here is one: "Twelve years ago," says Mrs. Eliza Matcham, of Armitage House, Sutton-on-Hull, "I had an attack of rheumatic fever. At the same time I had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, and pain and weight at the chest after eating. I frequently spat up a quantity of greasy, fatty matter. Later I was afflicted with rheumatism in my hands and feet. Then I fell into a state of debility which continued year after year. I spent a great deal of money in doctoring, all to no purpose. Finally I was induced to try your medicine. In a short time my food agreed with me, the sickness ceased, I grew stronger, and the rheumatism by degrees abated. Now by taking your remedy occasionally I keep in good health. (Signed) Mrs. Eliza Matcham, June 2nd, 1888."

"For some time previous in 1887," writes another, "I was troubled with a digestive disorder. In the autumn of that year (1887) I got a severe cold, which brought on rheumatism and lumbago. I had great pain in the back and also in the joints. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicines, and advised me to go to Buxton. I did so, but I am bound to say obtained little benefit from it."

In January, 1888, I had another attack of rheumatic fever, which brought me down into a very low and feeble condition. For days and days together I was unable to eat and sleep. It was only by hardship and pain that I got about at all. Whilst on a visit to Little Downham, Cambridgeshire, some friends told me of the medicine furnished by you. I used it, and soon found relief, and gained strength. Cheered up and encouraged by this, I continued taking it, and now, by an occasional dose, I keep wholly free from rheumatism and other troubles. (Signed) Philip Hopkin, 20 Maude street, Grimsby, November 14, 1888.

The eccentric man alluded to in the first part of this article failed to cure any disease with his odd brew. It was costly, too, as I said. Blood is cheap enough, but bars of gold come high. He was a fanatic and a fool.

But here we have two instances in which rheumatism, a common and dangerous ailment, was cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, a remedy made not from blood and gold, but from the healing herbs of the fields and forests. And why was it cured thus so speedily and with such seeming ease? Because rheumatism is not a disease of itself, but a symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia. It is this universal plague that the Syrup scatters and drives away, its children following after. Thus we keep our blood in our veins and our gold—in our purses.

Knickerbocker—Were you knocked speechless when you collided with that stone? Bloomer—No; my wheel was knocked spokeless. —*Norristown Herald.*

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**THE DRAMA**

THE great Goethe's immortal masterpiece, as interpreted by Mr. John Griffith and his company, has been handsomely patronized during the early part of the week. The epithet immortal is used advisedly, not in an adulatory sense, but as properly descriptive of a play that grasps in its embrace the interval between the two ends of time and reaches out in its heroic span from the first eternity to the last. It tells the story of human life and lays bare mainsprings of action which, if not universal, are present more frequently than is suspected. If its truth could be gainsaid it would be. Humanity has plenty of flatterers who would, if they were only able, cheerfully undertake the task; but that "the devil is at most men's elbows" is not readily disproven. Do not let me be understood as implying that the actions of the average man, and still less those of the average woman, owe their origin to satanic inspiration. That is a falsehood, and is all the more a falsehood because it contains a modicum of truth: for the great Spirit of Evil is still existent and appears, if not in bodily form, yet no less palpably, in the pitiable results of his handiwork.

We have had so much of the other kind of preaching from press and platform—aye, and from pulpit too—that it is well that we are occasionally reminded that there is still a dividing line between the human and the divine; they are not yet exactly identical. Some day I suppose, if we progress at the present rate, if all such authorities are to be believed, they will approximate more than they do now; but in the meantime it is a wholesome lesson to occasionally learn that there is somewhat of a distinction. And such a lesson is found in Faust.

It is comforting to find, too, that by means of the faith and love of one pure woman—using the word "pure" in its true sense, not in that commonly accepted as true—the designs of the Evil One are eventually frustrated. I do not think that this is unnatural or even uncommon. If through the sin of the first woman—an acquaintance of Mephisto's, by the way—evil came, Eve's daughters have done much, and are doing more, to counteract it. This is not flattery; it is a tribute of simple justice to the wives, mothers and sisters of us all. Nor is it new now; but it was hardly recognized at the period when Goethe saw it, or rather foresaw it, and wrote it because he knew he was right. No hand but a master's would have dared to lift his apotheosis to the lives of Faust and Marguerite, the seducer and the seduced; it was shockingly bad taste of course, but who that knows humanity and understands the play will say that he was wrong?

Of the present presentation of the great drama, little need be said. That the noble ideas of the author were emphasized rather than obscured, and that the truths he sought to teach stood out in bold relief upon a harmonious background that cleared and intensified them, is the highest praise that those who present a drama of this character can receive; and it may fairly be given to Mr. Griffith and his leading support, Miss Anna Boyle-Moore and Mr. Eugene Moore, who acceptably sustained the characters of Marguerite and Faust respectively. In Mr. Griffith's Mephisto there is noticeably at times a tendency to amuse, which a more complete conception of the part would eliminate, and in the Brocken scene a roar of laughter was raised which somewhat marred the effect. These are trifles, however, and the scenic and mechanical effects were most elaborate, so that it may fairly be said that Mr. Griffith's efforts to accomplish a very difficult task have been eminently successful.

Miss Emily Bancker terminated her engagement at the Grand last week with a play entitled *Our Flat*, which is not new to Toronto. It is described as a comedy, but I do not think a comedy ought to excite feelings of intense, almost tearful, sympathy for the sufferers—by which please understand the players, not the audience; for the latter were disposed to be very lenient in their judgment and applauded whenever there was the slightest excuse for doing so, and occasionally when there was no excuse at all. Still, the play is bright and clever enough, and Miss Bancker is a highly presentable young lady with considerable talent. There is plenty of fun in the piece, but it is all forced and grows, so to speak; you can see it grow, in fact, and are thoroughly prepared for it when it finally matures. For instance, when those two piles of band boxes are made into a semblance of a chair, you know that

sooner or later someone is to sit down on it and come to grief. You come leisurely to the conclusion that when it happens it will be funny enough to laugh at, and at the proper time you laugh accordingly. Then that other chair, improvised out of an all too palpable bath. You knew what would happen, and it did happen, not once, but several times, till the spectacle of each leading member of the company gravely and deliberately inverting himself and—I blush to write it—herself in that deceptive bath, somewhat palls upon you. It was beautifully self-sacrificing and conscientious though, and I verily believe if Miss Bancker had thought it would add to the *clat* of the proceedings to increase the number of victims, she would have turned a somersault in that fateful bath herself; and an unregenerate young man behind me, who has an eye for a neat ankle, hoped that she would. The play was not up to the standard of the house, the audience, nor, indeed, of Miss Bancker herself, who would soon be a favorite here if her surroundings were more attractive.

That the world loves a lover is a saying so much in vogue as to have become a platitude. That the world loves a brave fighter is a truism equally precise. It is a relic of barbarism of course. The fighting savage was the one who got along best—or, in fact, who got along at all—and consequently was the most feared, envied and respected. He was the man best able to support a wife—the better he fought the more wives he got. It has been much the same ever since. The character of D'Artagnan in the *Three Guardsmen* at the Toronto this week is the *beau ideal* of skill and courage. Mere physical ability to fight is not everything. The contest of wits and will, the cunning strategy, the triumph of the hero through his prowess of sword or fist, directed by brains, are the things that delight us most. Consequently it is that the keen, quick-witted, fighting D'Artagnan remains such a hot favorite. Paul Cazeneuve, a young man who understudied Salvini, strikes out as D'Artagnan this year himself, and though in some ways inferior, in others he surpasses his former master. I think, for instance, that there is more of the natural, rustic simplicity of a youth fresh from the country in Cazeneuve's version of the head-strong, impulsive Gascon. The rest of the cast, though inferior in a few respects, compares pretty favorably, all things considered, with Salvini's company.

Paul Cazeneuve has some moneyed men at his back, men who believe that he will make a reputation as a romantic actor and are willing to risk something on their opinion. The work done by the actor is of a quality to justify their confidence in him. Off the stage he is an extremely modest young man and a student. A Gascon by birth, he speaks French and English with equal ease, and so is not content with ready-made and perfunctory translations of plays. At Brantford next Monday night he plays *Don Caesar* for the first time, and by correcting the translation he has improved his part. The great favor which he has won in Toronto has been very gratifying to Mr. Cazeneuve and to his managers. The company that supports the star is a fairly good one, although I must say, Cardinal Richelieu does not agree with the general opinion of that most subtle of all statesmen in history. Mr. Hickey has the face of a soldier rather than of a churchman and a scholar. The character of Anne of Austria was admirably portrayed by Miss Mae Fowler, who has a magnificent stage presence and looked every inch a queen. She is not an innocent victim of the Cardinal's machinations—does not pretend to be; or at least is determined that whether innocent or not she will not be trapped by him. With true feminine instinct she is bold, heroic, resourceful and defiant, and fights with her wits rather than with her reputation, all of which is very like a woman and forms a refreshing change from the average stage heroine, who is usually inexpressibly limp in mind and body and is perpetually getting into embarrassing and dangerous positions to be rescued from them by an utterly incredible combination of circumstances.

The visit of Ian MacLaren to Toronto and his lecture in Massey Music Hall next Monday evening lend interest to the announcement that Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers, the first novel or long story written by that author, will be issued in book form to-day, or Monday, by the Fleming H. Revell Company of this city. Kate Carnegie has been running as a serial in the *Canadian Magazine*.

Mr. Frank Yeigh delivered a lecture entitled *Our Empire, or England's Girdle of the Globe*, on Tuesday evening in Association Hall. Mr. Yeigh first outlined the progress made by England during the Victorian era, and contrasted the present with the time of Queen Elizabeth. He then, with the aid of beautiful stereoscopic views, conducted his hearers on a tour around the world, nowhere finding it necessary to cross land other than that controlled by Britain. At certain points in the lecture the Glionna orchestra, and Mr. H. M. Fletcher on the organ, played appropriate music, while toward the end, during the Canadian views, the Maple Leaf was sung, the audience joining in the chorus. The lecture closed with a beautiful view of the fortress at Halifax and the harbor, one of the largest and safest in the world. The lecture would form a powerful plea for the advocates of the Imperial Federation idea.

Robert Hilliard will be at the Grand next week playing that funny comedy *Lost Twenty-four Hours*, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and a new farce in three acts, *The Mummy*, during the rest of the week.

Mr. Charles R. Palmer has composed his first lullaby, *Dreamland*, the words being by Mr. H. H. Macnamara.

The sale of seats for the lecture in Massey Hall on Monday evening by Ian MacLaren has been phenomenal. This gifted clergyman and novelist will meet with a great welcome.

The Land of the Living played to good business when here last year and at the Toronto Opera House next week it will probably receive a hearty welcome. The play was written by Frank Harvey and enjoyed a long run at the Adelphi Theater, London. Bargain day matinees

will be held Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, the seats in the entire balcony selling at fifteen cents and on the entire lower floor at twenty-five cents. The bargain matinee seems to be a success, and ladies crowded the house Tuesday and Thursday of this week.

John Griffith and his company are playing *Richard III.* during the latter half of the week at the Grand, and it is being proven again that Toronto loves legitimate drama.

The cinematographe is a wonderful invention, and Mr. H. J. Hill did a good stroke of business when he secured it for a special circuit of the leading towns after the Industrial Exhibition closed. It has attracted large crowds during its stay here. It goes to Hamilton Monday. I am told that the "shivering" of the pictures presented is not a defect in the invention, but is due to the fact that the machine rests on a temporary stand that is not free from vibration. A perfectly solid stand for the apparatus should somehow be secured.

The musical event of next week will be the appearance of Seidl's splendid Metropolitan Orchestra of New York, at Massey Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The Orchestra, which is one of the finest musical organizations on the Continent, will be assisted in a popular programme by Mme. Marie Decca, prima donna, and Mme. Julia Rive King, pianist. Attractive programmes have been arranged for both performances. The plan is now open at Massey hall. It is not necessary to say much



Anton Seidl, the Famous Conductor.

about Anton Seidl because the music-loving people of Toronto know how great and well deserved is his reputation. That Manager Suckling has secured this splendid orchestra for two evenings in Massey Hall proves his enterprise and affords the public a great treat.

## SPORTING COMMENT

Polo has come into high favor at New York and fashionable society has given it first place among the fall sports. Bicyclists will be interested in reading of a new game that is being played in England, called Bicycle Polo. The term "polo" would imply a game played with mallets, but, while short mallets are used in one form of the game as played by cyclists, in the most difficult and daring phase of the sport, the ball is propelled toward the goal simply by a knock from the tire of the front wheel. The mallet game is generally played on the lawn at a country club, or in a field where the turf is fairly smooth. It resembles hockey in methods and principles, and the cyclists who practice it acquire considerable skill. It lacks the spice of danger that makes the actual bicycle polo fascinating, however, and it also lacks the originality of the latter game, for the knack of hitting the ball along by a sharp blow from the front tire is decidedly original. To convey the manner in which the cyclists play the game, despite the paradox, bicycle football would be a more intelligible title than bicycle polo, for the ball is bunted along with the wheel, just as a football is kicked for the goal posts. There are no goal posts, however, in cycle polo. When played in a rink, or on a smooth surface in the open air, at each end of the field a wooden board, two feet in length and a foot high, is placed in the exact center of the line. These boards are the goals. They are painted white, and have spring bells on the back that sounded out sharply whenever a goal is struck by the ball. An ordinary hard ball is used. As in football, there are two sides. All goals made are counted, the team scoring the most goals in a given time being the winner.

The teams line up as in real polo, hockey, or football. A referee, who is on a bicycle in the center of the ground, after asking the question "Ready?" throws the ball into the air without favor to either side. If there are three players a-side, two will be the rushers and one the goal-keeper. As soon as the ball falls the first rush on each side scurries toward it. Whoever gets there first rides almost on top of the ball, and at that moment, by an acute, quick side motion

of the front wheel, starts it towards the goal.

So much for the game; but to get an idea of the excitement engendered it must be borne in mind that it is played at the top speed of expert wheelmen. The players dart to and fro, twist and turn after the ball, and cross each other's path without regarding the chances of a collision. The average is about ten spills to each goal scored. Touching a player with the hands, feet, or wheel while after the ball is foul riding, and a goal gained by such practices must not be counted. In knocking a ball for the goal, should a player lose his balance and touch the ground with any part of his body it is a lost goal. A rider may wheel in between a player and the ball, in fact, this is the life of the game, but there must be no pushing with the arms or body.

The Toronto people who went up to Hamilton on the special train last Saturday were highly elated at the result. It looked bad enough at first, and at half time, when the Tigers were ahead by 11 to 3, most of the T.A.C. backers were deep in despondency. But when goals were changed and the wind in Toronto's favor, they turned in with an enthusiasm that could not be withstood. Whitehead played a brilliant game, and Cartwright, who was really marked for decapitation, did such excellent work that he became almost the hero of the day. There should be a splendid turnout to see the return game to-day.

The Trinity team having practically been

## To My Lady.

For Saturday Night.



No one nigh  
Butterfly!  
Kiss her gently, do,  
Touch her light,  
Pretty sprite,  
With thy radiant hue,  
Happy she!  
All to me!  
Eyes of blue so deep,  
Forget my sigh,  
Butterfly,  
Kiss her back to sleep!

J. C. HAVEZ.

## Somewhere.

For Saturday Night.

Somewhere amid the rolling stars  
God's glorious heaven shines  
With ray serene,  
Soft twilight sheen  
Whose beauty ne'er declines.

Somewhere amid yon orbs of light  
The sighs of sorrow cease;  
From ev'ry eye  
The tears are dry  
And all is joy and peace.

Somewhere amid the vaulted blue  
There is a realm of rest;  
Secluded bow'rs  
Where fadeless flow'rs  
Breathe incense o'er the best.

Somewhere amid ethereal heights  
Enraptur'd faces smile,  
And voices call  
Their lov'd ones all  
Beyond earth's little while!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

## After the Road Race.

He'd two abrasions of the face,  
A wrist and shoulder out of place,  
Three broken ribs, a broken nose,  
Six badly dislocated toes;  
A hip-joint badly twisted, and  
A compound fracture of a hand;  
A spinal curvature, and half  
A dozen sprains of thigh and calf;  
Two teeth displaced, a twisted neck,  
And general corporeal wreck,  
Which, so the proofs did all concur,  
The products of a "safety" were.

## A Recessional.

The Century.  
Now along the solemn heights,  
Faded the autumn's altar lights;  
Down the great earth's glimmering chan-  
Glide the days and nights.  
Little kindred of the grass,  
Like a shadow in the glass  
Falls the dark and falls the stillness—  
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending  
Where the nights and days have ending—  
Pass in order pale and slow  
Unto sleep extending.  
Little brothers of the clod,  
Soul of fire and seed of sod,  
We must face into the silence  
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky,  
Wing to wing we wander by,  
Going, going, going, going,  
Softer than a sigh.  
Hark! the moving shapes confer—  
Globe of dew and gossamer,  
Fading and ephemeral spirits  
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,  
Worlds must go as well as we,  
In the long procession joining—  
Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb,  
Where the round year rolls sublime—  
Rolls, and drops, and falls forever  
In the vast of Time.

Like a plummet plunging deep  
Past the utmost reach of sleep,  
Till remembrance hath no longer  
Care to laugh or weep.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## The Idle Singer of an Empty Day.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.

"Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,  
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an empty day."

But rather, when a weary of your mirth,  
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—  
Remember me a little then, I pray,  
The idle singer of an empty day."

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care  
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,  
These idle verses have no power to bear;  
So let me sing of naught remembered,  
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,  
Or long time take their memory quite away  
From us poor singers of an empty day."

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with a light wing against the ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleep of regions day,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That through another window men behold the spring,  
And through a third the fruited vines a-row  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the dream wind of that December day."

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steady sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;  
Whose ravaging monsters mightily men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day."



## In Quest of an Orator.

Seeking a Canadian Bryan—Search No. 1 in the Toronto Young Liberal Club.

Becoming impressed with the conviction that what this country needs more than anything else is an orator who can stir up the Dominion as Bryan has stirred up the United States of America, I set out on Monday evening in search of that genius who is, in the future, to play magical tunes upon the heart-strings of this young nation. When William Jennings Bryan waved his mane at Chicago and challenged the world's attention, it not only followed that oratory became fashionable, but smooth faces, long hair and bow ties also came into immediate vogue. For a month or more it has been apparent that the young men of Toronto are going in for oratory. The signs have been unmistakable. Whiskers and mustaches have been shed in such quantities that the price of hair mattresses has declined fifty per cent. The Bryan face confronts you in the street car, the restaurant, everywhere. The faces of one's friends, long concealed behind hairy masks, have come forth naked and unfamiliar, and all because the ambition to shine as an orator has become epidemic. In conversation men have grown declamatory. In their sleep they start up and mutter metaphors. Gems in imitation of Bryan's "crown of thorns and cross of gold" are placed on paper and admired beneath the midnight gas-jet and elocuted before the mirror. Therefore I am discharging a public duty and undertaking a promising enterprise when I seek a Canadian orator.

The Young Liberals meet over Ed. Sullivan's saloon on King street east, but there is no connection between the two institutions.

The subject discussed Monday evening was a motion introduced by Mr. Stewart Lyon urging the Dominion and Provincial Governments to

preclude civil service employees from taking part in election contests. I am not going to report the arguments put forward by the different speakers, but will mention a few points in cases where these points were specially characteristic of the men who advanced them.



Mr. Stewart Lyon.

Mr. Stewart Lyon has devoted himself to oratory and Young Liberalism since he came to this country on the Mayflower. He speaks with a great show of candor, but takes it for granted that his opponents are wrong and know that they are wrong. This delights his supporters, but exasperates his adversaries and precludes the possibility of making converts. He has the fault of looking at the floor while he talks, and when he suddenly raises his head the vast mop of hair which constitutes his "pompadour" flops back in a manner that threatens to dislocate his neck. A nervous person finds this very trying, for, aside from the possible danger of the demonstration, it diverts attention from the argument, which Mr. Lyon advances often with sound logic and nicety of expression. He is a useful talker, but he does not answer the purposes of this quest.

Mr. Alf. Jury, having perhaps always been clean-shaven, smiles superior upon those who have had a Bryan shave this year. It is related that when Mr. Jury and William Lyon Mackenzie used to debate in the Young Liberal Club of '34, the fiery little revolutionist used to taunt his adversary about his extreme youth, wrongly supposing that Mr. Jury's beardless state was due to youth rather than to a mere matter of taste. The error was discovered afterwards, and no doubt they became fast friends, having many sympathies in common. Mr. Jury has reached that interesting age which comes to all young men, and his voice is changing. When, in a few years, he graduates from the Young Liberals and goes into the broader arena of outside politics, I predict for him a successful career. He should make an effective speaker with practice.

Mr. J. E. Atkinson, although he has sacrificed his mustache, lacks that plumpness of countenance necessary to a striking likeness to "the boy orator of the Platte." He speaks with much editorial nicety. His periods, his commas and his dashes are all in the right place. His manner is distinguished by that lofty candor and careful fairness which have made the *Globe* editorial page famous during the past five years. He begins by conceding a lot of trivial points, and when he has produced the impression that he is unbiased he begins piling up important points for his own side, and with a sorrowful air decides that he is compelled by the weight of evidence to support his own side. This is a good line. It fools lots of people. A favorite expression of his is "Quite so," spoken with the greatest liberality and candor. "I am no more human than other people," said Mr. Atkinson, although he meant that he was quite as human as others. He has rare facility of expression, but he can never be great as an orator because his face never alters in the slightest degree in keeping with his sentiments or emotions as he proceeds. He lacks something in the way of beefy humor.

Mr. Boyd is another Young Liberal who may reasonably be expected to soon graduate into the broader school of outside politics. Unlike many other members of the club, Mr. Boyd has keen sense of humor and makes some laughable hits. But the laugh was on him when he got involved in a sentence and concluded by saying: "There has been many a good man placed in an inferior position to which they were not entitled to."

Mr. George Ross has the physique of a leader



Mr. George Ross.



Mr. Stewart Lyon.



Mr. J. E. Atkinson.



Mr. J. H. Mackenzie.



Mr. L. V. McBrady.



Mr. James Day.

## SOME DEBATERS OF THE YOUNG LIBERAL CLUB.

of men and he is prepared to lead, for he is running against Mr. Bruce for the presidency of the club. He is shrewd in debate, but whether he is an orator was not shown Monday night, for he said little.

Mr. McKenzie raised technical points. He seemed to realize the awkward position in which Mr. Lyon's motion placed the club, and did not want to take either side in the debate. So he took both sides. The future will not embarrass him. He has what is known as a scholarly voice, he keeps his hands in his pockets most of the time, and has a swaying motion of the body.

Mr. L. V. McBrady warmed to his subject and made the only real platform speech of the evening. He has a resonant voice and no other. He used the same gear of voice as fits Massey Hall, and it naturally was too big for the little room. "Why this motion? Why was it introduced? Why was it brought in here to-night? What purpose will it serve? What good will it do? What is the use of discussing it?"

"Well, let it go to a vote now, then," put in Mr. Holden, who wears Joseph Chamberlain side-boards and does not seem aware of his resemblance to Joseph.

"No, I have a right to speak. This subject is up for discussion. It is under debate. I have as much right to speak as anyone else."

Mr. McBrady is too ejaculatory, too interrogative—he goes in for too much repetition. In making a good speech he impaired its force by saying it backwards after he had said it forwards. If he would weed out his speeches they would be better, and he seems destined to make a figure on the stump some day.

Mr. John Ryan stood in the door during Mr. McBrady's speech and cynically eyed the audience.

Mr. Elgin Schoff also has the correct Bryan shave, but he is deficient in some of the other points that go to make a great orator. He is fortunate in his name. It is one that adheres to the mind. It is a name that could be made famous with less advertising than any other name on the roll of the club. Mr. Schoff allows himself to hear interruptions and attend to them whether he has happy answers ready or not, and otherwise falls short of the ideal orator.

Mr. James Day has a rapid delivery and gets along in good style until he examines his notes, when he invariably takes up some point which he has already dismissed. This is the trouble with notes, and he could better dispense with them altogether. Mr. O'Connor drew Mr. Day into laying down a queer axiom. Referring to civil servants meddling in politics "hereafter," Mr. O'Connor asked how it could be right in the past and wrong hereafter? "It's wrong to do it when you don't need to," said Mr. Day. Only the finished and experienced speaker can avoid saying things which are recognized as breaks. Now this meant, or was taken to mean, that the Dominion Liberals did not need the aid of Provincial civil servants hereafter, but had needed their aid in the past. But Mr. Day righted himself fairly well by laying it down as a similar proposition that a man shouldn't fight on the street, but if he were attacked he would be justified in defending himself. Mr. Day is one of the most fluent speakers in the club—perhaps a trifle too fluent, for sometimes the impression is given that his tongue exposes his thoughts while they are merely in process of incubation.

Mr. Bosely took up the records and set everybody straight. Mr. W. G. Kinsman stands with his hands beneath his coat-tails as he talks. To the gentleman who made a jab at him when he sat down, it might be pointed out that there is a difference between a neat thrust and a retort that is merely angry and ill-bred.

Altogether the search for a Canadian Bryan has so far been unsatisfactory. Possibly if the Young Liberals had a larger room they might cultivate a style of speaking a little superior to the argumentative conversational style now used almost entirely in the club. Rhetoric and elocution are out of place in a room so small that if one hurled an adjective it could not in any direction travel more than twelve feet without cracking plaster.

The Young Liberals should go in for oratory. Monday night's meeting convinced me that the club is devoted neither to political purity nor to Liberal ascendancy. In voting against the exclusion of civil service employees from election contests, twenty-four members of the club declared against political purity and cleanliness; and in voting for the exclusion of civil service employees twenty-nine members brought embarrassment upon the Liberal leaders at Ottawa and Toronto. In having a discussion and a vote on such a subject the Young Liberal Club showed that it is entirely devoid of political sagacity. Being independent in politics I fully agree with the principle of shutting out civil service employees from participation in election contests,

yet if I went into the game of politics I would play it according to Hoyle. The Young Liberals should not have trumped Mr. Laurier's ace.

Premier Hardy has suggested that a College of Oratory be started in affiliation with the University, showing that the Bryan influence has extended even unto him—perhaps he, too, has shaved—and so we may soon have orators as plentiful as Bachelors of Art. In the meantime, for our Orator we must look elsewhere than in the Young Liberal Club. MACK.

## The Little Hero of Haarlem.



Every schoolboy knows, or did know, the story of the above hero was a sketch in the second reader used in the public schools of Ontario. In it were other tales even more thrilling, which were calculated to inspire the reader with some heroic impulse to do and dare, which, were it carried out, would brand the actor as an unmitigated ass, and no one would be more painfully conscious of the fact than himself. Haarlem, of course, is in Holland, the chief industry of which country is the building of dykes or embankments to keep out the sea, as a great deal of the country lies below the sea level. The people do nothing but build dykes, and then watch them with horror to see if they will give way and let the sea overwhelm them. It is a fidgety job, but the Dutch like it and grow fat at it.

The tale goes on to say that every child in Holland is taught to understand the nature and gravity of the dyking system should a break occur, and their young ears have often rung in the stories of floods and disaster. The little hero aforesaid on returning home from school one day observed a little trickling stream of water coming out of the side of the dyke. Taking in the immense pressure of the water and calculating the extent and resistance of the embankment, the time it would take for the leak to expand and the disintegration of the material of which the dyke was composed, and lastly the consequent devastation of that part of Holland, the hero (a boy of about nine years of age) at once perceived that something must be done. With consummate engineering calculation he sized up the situation. So he descended from the dyke resolved to save his fatherland if it cost him a leg. He didn't use his leg, but he thrust his finger in the leak and opposed his frail digit to the ravenous might of the angry sea.

If he had not been a hero he would have plugged up the hole with a stick or a stone, for it would not have been hard to find a stick possessing as great a power of resistance as the finger of a nine-year-old boy. But he rose to the occasion, for he felt that it would be a great thing to live forever in the schoolbooks as a hero. The night was damp and chilly. So far below the surface the water was naturally cold. Let us suppose that he was there from five o'clock p.m. to six a.m., and we have an instance of endurance that almost breaks the record. He never moved his finger. At this distance we would think that the dyke would have held up had he changed fingers, but he knew that the sea was just waiting for such an opening.

More remarkable than the endurance of the lad was the heroic length of his finger. It must have reached clear through the dyke. Were this not so, the action of the water, with its intense pressure—so intense that he dashed change fingers—would have worn a new way through the dyke and broken out in a fresh place. Therefore his finger must have met the whole difficulty by reaching through the dyke and closing up the entire passage. He probably crooked a joint of his finger on the other side and thus clinched his victory over the raging main.

As a boy I looked for dykes faithfully, but I realize now that I could not have grappled with one had I met it. I once held my index finger in a pail of ice water for ten minutes by the clock, the rest of my body being warm and dry,

and I know of no torture more searching. The little hero of Haarlem beats me quite. C. H. M.

## Lincoln Draws a Parallel.

During the late civil war an officer who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln called at the White House, and in the course of a private interview complained bitterly of certain criticisms passed on his conduct in a campaign by the secretary of war, and while repeating such criticisms gave way to great passion. Lincoln patiently heard him to the end, then said:

"You seem very angry. Did you ever hear what made Finnegan mad? I'll tell you. Finnegan came home from the club one night sober, but in such a temper that he knocked over a lot of furniture. Mrs. Finnegan was aroused and, sitting up in bed, said:

"What's the matter, Finnegan?"

"I'm mad; mad as a hornet."

"What made you so?"

"Flaherty down yonder; he called me a liar."

"But man, why didn't you make him prove it?"

"That's why I'm so mad; he did!"

## The Shakespearean Reader.

The accompanying cut represents Mr. George B. Williams of New York, the well and favorably known Shakespearean reader, who is to appear in Association Hall on Wednesday evening next, October 21, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The evening to be spent with Mr. Williams is a social and literary event of high artistic merit, which has been arranged for by the students connected with University College Y. M. C. A., and which speaks well for the enterprise and efficient management of that institution. Mr. Williams will present King Henry IV., impersonating all the characters in that great historic play of mingled



George B. Williams, Shakespearean Reader.

drama and comedy which has made immortal the characters of Prince Hal, the reckless roysterer, and Falstaff, the peerless humorist. As there will be no staging or scenic effect everything will depend on intelligent appreciation and interpretation of the plot and the characters, and on the accompanying changes of voice, manner and facial expression. Real students of Shakespeare will be delighted to have every character of the play interpreted by a first-class artist, and will have an opportunity of judging the merit of a monologue presentation of Shakespeare, which some literary minds have considered a higher intellectual effort than the ordinary stage presentation. The evening will be concluded with a high-class and very ludicrous farce entitled *The Sleeping Car*, by William Dean Howells.

## Another Score for Her.

"I suppose," said the Miserable Male, "that this thing of running street cars by compressed air will result in another advance for woman."

"How so?"

"Why, she'll be able to run a car by simply going in and talking."

## The Hired Man's Escape.

THE sole visible result of two months' work on Joe Cochran's part is a pair of trousers. Perhaps this explains Joe's affection for them. They are of a very light, almost white color, with exceedingly dark stripes, and are visible at a considerable distance. I saw them on the horizon the other day, and on their approach found no less a personage than Joe Cochran in them.

"What do you think of the pants?" said Joe after greeting me with great friendliness.

"Very striking," said I.

"Think so?" he exclaimed in delight, looking down at them admiringly.

"Yes, I do," said I, "but how is it that you're in town? I thought you had a job in the country."

"I threw up that yesterday mornin'," said Joe.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," began Joe, "you see I was working for Jake Smith for two dollars a week an' me board, (out o' sight board too, only you didn't get enough to eat). Smith was to pay me when the apples was done; only he said I could draw some money now an' again for this and that. Well, I used to draw about a quarter a week for tebbacca, and I sent a barrel of apples home, an' I took the Smith family to a moonlight excursion once, an' I got these here pants of Jake. They was too short for him. They fit me pretty good though, don't they?"

I surveyed the couple of inches showing above his boot tops and assured him they were perfect.

"I'd been workin' about a couple of months when Aleck—he was the other hired man—he wanted to sell me a pair of top-boots for a dollar. They was an out o' sight pair of boots, just as soft as kid and pointed toes, so you could wear your pants down over them and you'd never know the difference. Well, I was lookin' at them an' longin' for them the more I looked, only I wanted to try and beat Aleck down on the price, when along come Smith (Smith's a man I ain't got no use for). 'I'll give you eighty cents for 'em, Aleck,' he says, and he held out the money in his hand. Aleck, the darn fool, couldn't resist that an' give him them. He told me after that he druther 've sold 'em to me. 'But,' he says, 'do you know what Smith said? He said I wouldn't have got me money if you'd bought 'em, 'cause you've drawn ahead of your pay and you owe him two months' work now!'"

Here I interrupted Joe. "Didn't you keep an account of the money you drew?"

"Yees," said Joe. "I kept a kind of count."

"What kind of count?"

"Well, I sort of remembered," said Joe.

"I see," said I. "Well, go ahead."

"That night I packed my valise and early in the morning I got up and sneaked out of that house with my boots in my hand. The missis was a corker for hearin' in her sleep, and I was afraid to breathe till I got outside. I puts on my boots, and when I got to the road I run. Yes, sir, I run for two miles, and I came a-humpin' home."

"What for?" I asked him. "You might have had a steady job for quite a while yet."

"Yes, but you see," returned Joe earnestly, "after workin' there all summer Smith claimed that I'd lived so high that I owed him a couple of months' work yet. How was I to know when he would take it into his head to give me the sack and seize the pants?"

And he stooped down and carefully scratched a speck of mud from his off leg. S. H.

## The Silent Wit.

It was in the reign of King George II. that Dean Swift, in accordance with a command, presented himself at the monarch's table for dinner. Several times, as the courses succeeded each other, did the King essay to lead the Dean forward to a war of wit with the other guests at the table. But the Dean remained silent, or replied to his august host only in monosyllables.

At that time it was customary to finish a repast with libations of cold punch. And when the lemon bearing fluid was ladled into bowls, the King had become thoroughly enraged at the silence assumed by the Wit.

Raising his punch bowl, the royal entertainer in a fury threw it at the head of the Dean. Not a muscle in the Wit's face moved, when picking up his bowl of punch, he clapped it to the next guest's head with the remark:

"Pass it along, pray."

## Twain in Egypt.

A few years ago Mark Twain, while in Egypt, engaged two Arab guides and set out for the pyramids one morning. He was familiar enough with Arabic, he thought, to understand and be understood with perfect ease.

But to his consternation he found that he could not comprehend a word either of the guides uttered. Here was a dilemma. It was necessary to some researches he desired to make that he be able to converse with the Arabs. The matter was inexplicable, because he had never before had any difficulty with the tongue.

After reaching the pyramids Twain met a friend to whom he explained the situation.

"Why, the solution of the mystery is easy," said his friend.

"Please enlighten me, then."

"Why, your guides have no teeth. They speak gum-Arabic."

## The Kitten Converts.

A man having two kittens to sell, brought them to an Episcopal bishop, who refused them in the presence of a Baptist minister. "But, your honor," said the man, "they are good Episcopal kittens!" Even this argument failed to dispose of the kittens.

The next week the man brought them to the Baptist minister, saying they were "good Baptist kittens."

"How can that be, my man," said the minister, "when last week you said they were Episcopal kittens?"

"Oh, that was before their eyes were opened!" the man replied quickly.

But the very religious kittens remained unbought.





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Columbia	Dec. 19	Jan. 1	Jan. 4	Jan. 5
Verra	Dec. 26	Jan. 8	Jan. 11	Jan. 12
Fulda	Jan. 2	Jan. 10	Jan. 13	Jan. 14
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Verra	Jan. 16	Jan. 24	Jan. 27	Jan. 28
Fulda	Jan. 23	Jan. 31	Feb. 3	Feb. 4
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 30	Feb. 7	Feb. 10	Feb. 11
Verra	Feb. 6	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18
Fulda	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 24	Feb. 25
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Verra, Feb. 2	Feb. 10	Feb. 17
Fulda, Feb. 9	Feb. 17	Feb. 24
Kaiser Wilhelm II., Feb. 16	Feb. 24	Mar. 2
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### Anecdotal.

An examiner asked the Bible lesson class to tell him what was the chief difference between Elisha and Elijah; and after a pause a little lad held up his hand and said: "Please, sir, Elisha walked with God; but the carriage was sent for Elijah!"

Not many years ago, according to the annals of the India Office, a Queen's messenger, or some other inferior official, was robbed, though not injured in any way, on his road to Calcutta, and the British Government, of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months; but at last the Emir wrote: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to Her Majesty the Queen."

When General Niel returned from the scene of his achievements in the Franco-Austrian war, a poor man gave him a basket of lovely pale yellow roses. As a remembrance of this gift, the general had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when a charming rose tree had grown up, took the plant to Empress Eugénie. She was delighted both with the gift and the gallant donor, but was surprised to learn that the rose had no name. "Ah!" she said, "I will give it a name: it shall be the Marechal Niel"—thus informing the gallant soldier of his elevation to the coveted office of Marshal of France.

Sir John Macdonald used to tell a story of a young Scotch advocate who in his zeal for his client, and in his disappointment at the judgment given, used strong language, and said he was surprised that the court should have given such a decision. Of course the judge charged him with contempt, and finding himself in a difficulty, he appealed to John Clark of Elgin; afterwards Lord Elgin to apologize for him. Clark did so, informing the court that the offence rose out of the young gentleman's inexperience. "If," said he, "he had known the court as long as John Clark of Elgin, he would not be surprised at anything."

General Thiebault in his memoirs tells this story of Junot, afterwards Marshal, then a gunner at Toulouse. He was supping with some comrades near the batteries, in a tent which I think they shared, when a shell from the fort fell in the middle of the tent and was about to burst in the hole which it had made in the ground. Every one had risen and was running away, when Junot, seizing a glass, exclaimed: "To the memory of those of us who are going to perish!" How far the wine had any influence on the effect his words produced I know not; but all stopped, took up their glasses and remained motionless till the shell exploded. One fell dead, and the others tossing off their bumpers cried: "To the memory of a hero!"

Stuart, Lee's famous chief of cavalry—the Murat of the Confederacy—was ordered to cross the Potomac, harass the rear of McClellan's army and invade Pennsylvania. With five thousand troops he encircled the whole Federal army unchecked, and McClellan, in a despatch to Halleck, excused his failure to arrest the march of the daring raiders around his army (which had received eighteen thousand fresh horses since the Battle of Sharpsburg) by stating: "The horses of this army are greatly fatigued and have sore tongues." To that despatch President Lincoln sent this characteristic answer: "Will you pardon me for asking what your horses have done since Antietam that fatigued anything?" But McClellan never deigned a reply.

A strange rencontre was that which occurred recently at the meeting of the Bimetallic League at McMinnville, eastern Oregon. It is the custom there for the delegates to mingle

freely with one another, whether previously acquainted or not, just to promote cordiality. Among the guests of honor was a handsome man of forty, whom the chairman was introducing as Mr. Booth of McMinnville, who was made known as "Mr. Booth, the son of the Sheriff who hanged John Brown of Ossawatimie, at Harper's Ferry." All of which caused people to take more than a common interest in Mr. Booth. Finally Mr. Booth was introduced to a man of excellent appearance, whose name was Solomon Brown. After the introduction, Mr. Booth and Mr. Brown chatted very pleasantly for a minute or two. "Mr. Booth," said Mr. Brown, "was it your father who hanged John Brown at Harper's Ferry?" "Yes," said Mr. Booth. "He was Sheriff at that time, and it was his duty to officiate at the execution. No relative of yours, I hope?" "Only my father," was the quiet reply.

### Between You and Me.

**A** LONG while ago I sat with a young mother (and her small girl of two years), who had just seen the wreck of a life's hopes and was in that state of dumb waiting which comes after a shock. The little girl repeated one little sentence over and over, to the unheeding mother, and I can hear her mournful, thin, little voice, musical and broken, saying insistently, "We haven't got any home now have we, mamma?" and I can see her pretty mouth drooping with intuitive knowledge of something wanting, some tragedy which voiced itself in her persistent cry. That cry goes up all through this city and other cities in this busy age, and the pathos of it is infinite. There are hundreds of working people, girls and men, lonely and sordid in their lives, but with capacity for infinite enjoyment of a home if they had it. The very first necessity for a home is good nature, and its twin selfishness. The home feeling can flourish on bare boards and scanty fare if the men are courageous and the women loving. Men are not tramps by nature; Adam was lonesome without Eve, and I think the saddest event on earth is the disintegration of the first home in the violent and dreadful manner one reads of in the premier book of the old Bible. The man and woman who can look back into youth and recall the sheltered, safe, happy home feeling bound about some little nook on earth, have all the memory of Eden they need. Weren't the days all fair and the flowers all bright, and the fruits all sweet in your home? Thank God they were in mine!

The science of home-making is a neglected thing just now, because people are busy with lesser affairs. But I can tell almost at a glance who is practicing it. Sometimes the brow is wrinkled—a horizontal furrow for each hair, wise women love to say—but the eye beams kindly and the mouth smiles easily on the face of the home-maker. The man who wrote that merry catch

A little farm well-tilled,  
A little house well-filled,  
A little wife well-willed  
Give me.

knew just what he was talking about, and put his requests for wise clergymen go into church, with the most important coming last. The heart of the home-maker must be warm, and the expression of its warmth constant and generous. The longing which sometimes comes over some of us to gather in some stray homeless creature, shows that we have the instinct strong within us. There are so many who have houses, palaces, who chant in secret the wee girl's sombre song, "We haven't got any home, have we?" It is pitiful to think how money is wasted in efforts to build a home around the heart, when actually the heart alone holds the material of which a home can be built. The secret of the builder is not written on the paper of the architect; it is patented in some sacred place, and only one model is made from every patent.

If a good many lusty choristers, male and female, who are fond of singing Heaven Is My Home, would turn about and arrange their song so, My Home Is Heaven, earth wouldn't be a desert drear. But it is so much easier to sing than to tackle the contract of home-making! "I never could make a home in a rented house," said a woman to me impatiently, and I told her she hadn't got the idea of a home straight. I know of a home made in a flat, with a trombone player on the flat above, and a dyeing and pressing establishment on the flat below, and like a glint of sunshine between two prison bars, a home! There are just the mother, the son and the widowed daughter, with a little baby girl, but there isn't on earth a cosier nor a sweeter place to drop in when one is weary, and be refreshed and be made whole. Love and courage, that's what makes it, and with those two grand props the home building soon grows about its happy tenants.

I love to see people happy. Perhaps the real reason why I don't accept the Woman's Rights idea is because they don't seem to be productive of peace, smiles, merry laughter, but rather of strife and ugly expression on the faces of their leaders. That grim old person, Susan B. Anthony, freezes my marrow with her joyless voice and east-iron smile. I never heard her laugh, but I am satisfied with the smile. It's the natural result of a combative attitude for half a century. There is another woman whose life is active in such affairs, but who seems to have avoided the penalty: her name is Belya Lockwood, and she once, as perhaps some will remember, was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. "My home is a houseful of women—not a man about the place," she once told me. "You come and see me in my home!" And I know it is a home, though I haven't been there yet, for Mrs. Lockwood's eyes told me so.

"Do you believe in spiritualism?" writes an excited woman. "And don't you think these evocations are calculated to do harm?" She is referring to Miss Fay, who has been telling young ladies whom and when they will marry, and locating the whereabouts of lost jewelry and garments. I am afraid I do not agree with my correspondent as to the harm, for I think that anything which leads people to realize that psychic force is something independent of

all natural limitations, and that you and I possess it, undeveloped maybe, like the gold mines, but still there, is a good thing. The question as to whether women have souls is not a burning one in these parts: they who are men have agreed to allow us our chances of immortality, but the question as to whether many of us, both men and women, might just as well not have souls, for all the good we get from them, is a matter which cannot engage us too quickly. The psychic development necessary is what should engross us, and Miss Fay, even on one vein only, has shown us samples of what the ore will produce.

LADY GAY.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

**AUTUMN LEAVES.**—Your character is yet in bud, my little lady. The lines are wavering, subject to many a gust of influence from stronger minds, loving and sweet-tempered, immature in purpose, rather apt to dream, with sympathy, carefulness and a certain sequence of thought which shows good reasoning powers—in five years from now—perhaps.

**N.L.**—"Madam" is certainly correct. When addressing a person who is a stranger and your letter is on business matters, "Mademoiselle" is used by a few people. "Miss" is quite out of the question among people who have any pretension to style or culture. The term "Mrs." from "Mistress" formerly meant either a maid or a matron. Hope you will get the gloves.

**JACK ROBINSON.**—You may write again, rather! Do you know, as soon as I opened your letter I felt a premonition that I had struck a person of sense, then culture, and then such a lot of nice things. You are quite right, there is a heap of nonsense in the thing, but a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," says the poet. English women don't write poor hands. There are certain iron lines of conventionality and a certain hardness and reserve in much of their writing, but that is just what should be there. Generally I admire English ladies writing exceedingly, as I do themselves, but somehow I don't always like it (again the idea extends). I have not time to do your study justice until next week.

**INSOMNIA.**—I. The girl who sits out eight dances with one man makes a spectacle of herself, and the girl who makes a spectacle of herself has my sincerest pity. It is quite inexcusable, and they were two geese. Perhaps, however, they had no one else to spend the time with. If you, or any other girl, want to talk for hours, and "not talk nonsense," to any man, don't choose a ball-room in which to hold your sensible converse. It is a slight on the function and on all your friends. 2. Yes, I ride a wheel, and I am not fat, but I turn the scale at two hundred I should ride it all the more, because I'd get rid of those extra layers somehow. 3. Your writing shows a great deal of vitality, impulse, and self-will. You are very forcible, decided, energetic, and love a good time, don't reason things out, but jump at conclusions. Decided cleverness and a generous, confident and sweet nature are shown.

**JONATHAN.**—Your idea of friendship is very good. There are the friends we love and the friends who love us, and once in a blue moon the regard is mutual. Then the angels and all grand souls rejoice. They don't often have such a chance though, for we are stupid and blind and rash in our friendships. I don't think you have sounded the depths of an ideal friendship, my girl, but I am sure the one you rejoice in is good, so far as it goes. You are both in the emotional phase of life. By and by, when you progress, perhaps one will outstrip, and will cease to respond as at present. This is the secret of so many dead friendships. No one is to blame, the result is inevitable. It is the penalty paid for living, not existing. Neither of your studies is finished. I fancy David is a little the more perfected of the twin. You ask whether I prefer many or few friends. Decidedly many. If one has but half a dozen it becomes a risk of being narrow or exacting. Seriously, I never think how many friends I have. As each shows him or herself friendly I accept them joyfully. "The earth is my bed, the heavens my canopy, and the whole wide world my friends!" Tramp sentiments, but so healthy!

### The Lost Adjective.

Count Le Fraug (rapturously)—Zere is only vun vord in ze English language to deser-ribe your beauty, Mees Goldrox.  
Miss Goldrox—Oh, Count!  
Count Le Fraug—And unfortunately I haf forgotten vat eet ees.

### The Best Advertisements.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of Consumption and Scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

### Caution.



Dr. Cure—A sudden fright is liable to bring on a relapse. Patient—Please remember that in making out your bill.

### Milking a Zebu.

Mrs. Braddock gives in the *Independent* the exciting story of her attempt at milking a zebu, or Indian cow, a weird, uncanny little creature like all her kind, with a hump and long ears "sewed in crooked" so that they point backward. One morning the gwalla, or cowherd, informed his mistress that the calf had died in the night and that the cow would not allow herself to be milked unless the calf's skin should be stuffed and set up before her; moreover, he suggested that if certain rupees should be given him for the purchase of material, he would stuff the skin himself. Mrs. Braddock proceeds:

In America I had milked more than one kicking cow. Calmly, not to say loftily, requesting the gwalla to bring his pail, I marched down to the cow-house, inwardly resolved to see the reason why that cow should not be milked, and more than that, meaning to illustrate what an American could do when an Indian had failed.

Outside the cow-shed the zebus were tethered in a row. They paid no attention to the half-naked brown gwalla, but at my approach each, with wild eyes and uplifted head, snorting and trembling, seemed, but for the restraining tether rope, about to bound away into the jungle.

The gwalla called a second man to his aid. With a new rope they lassoed the hinder legs of the bereaved, holding them in a slip-noose. One man held the end of the rope, while the other with the pail cautiously approached her.

In a twinkling the pail was a rod away, the man with the rope was pulling as for his life, the man with the pail was with it still.

I was gasping to regain my breath, while that zebu was kicking as nothing unpossessed could kick. She appeared utterly indifferent as to whether there were ground under her, as all four feet seemed continuously in the air. The adept who was declared able to dance with

One foot six inches off de groun', de oler not quite touchin'.

must deliver up the pail.

Thankful that my valorous resolutions had been mental, I meekly gave the gwalla exactly one-third the amount he had requested, and directed him to stuff the calf's skin.

This having been accomplished, I was again summoned to the scene of action. There stood that remarkable cow, contentedly licking and fondling her offspring, and occasionally lunching scantly upon the hay stuffing which protruded through her progeny's hide, while the native milked merrily away, sitting, as is customary, on the wrong side.

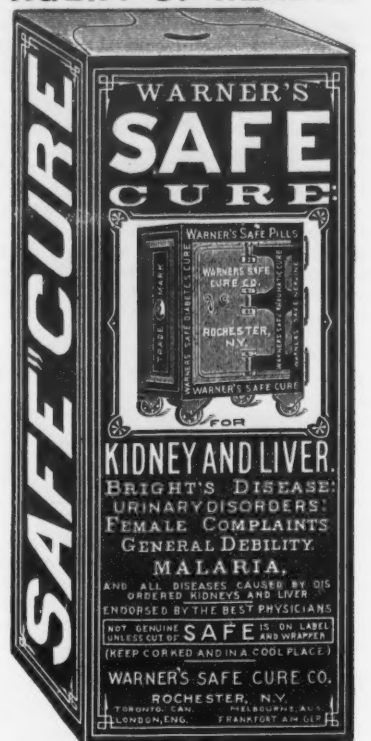
Jonesy—How is Mugler betting on the election? Smitty—With his mouth.—*Rochbury Gazette.*



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**To California and Mexico.**  
Old and experienced travelers will tell you when going west to take the Wabash Railway, because their train service is superlatively the finest in America, their Union Depots are the best on the continent. Study a Wabash map and be convinced that this is the shortest and best route to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and all points beyond. Special excursion to Mexico City on November 10th to 19th, good to return until December 31st. Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.





Mr. F. S. Challener has in his studio, room 5, 43 Adelaide street east, as part of a wall decoration, a painting whose color scheme, though yet unfinished, would appeal strongly to those whose taste is not satisfied by the lighter schemes of which we have had several examples. This is a woodland scene in autumn, broadly given, making a most restful background to the furnishings of a very artistic little studio. Mr. Challener's picture, *Milking Time* (early morning), has returned from Winnipeg, and the small replica of it shown at the Industrial Fair scarcely gives a fair idea of the original, which conveys the impression of the early morning light, cold and hazy. We mistake the case though in calling the smaller a replica, for it was painted on the spot as a study for the larger, not a copy from it. The portrait of Mr. Henry Simpson, architect of Cook's church, on which this artist is at work, is almost finished.

The ceramic exhibition of the Woman's Art Association opens to-day at the Roberts Art Gallery, 79 King street west, and in addition to the usual display, which has improved each year in both quality and quantity, there is a loan exhibition of old china and fans which will prove most attractive to many.

By many the *chef-d'œuvre* of Miss Hannaford's work in ceramics, exhibited in her studio last week, was a very tall vase in which a dark plum color gave fine relief to the lighter colors of the rose decoration, two shades of gold being introduced very effectively in the pedestal. Another vase gave the effect of metal in its dark tones relieved with gold, but those who question the desirability of this attainment, preferring the ware decorated to be more obvious, might admire the delicate finish of a quaintly shaped vase bearing the miniature of Marie Antoinette, or the careful workmanship in a framed panel; *Monastery Secrets*, *Jardinieres*, *bonbonnieres*, lamps, punch-bowls, trays and every imaginable article for table decoration might be seen, many of the designs being most novel, either in the shades of color used or the flower, an orchid in one case lending itself admirably to decoration. Miss Hannaford prepares her own gold and a number of the colors, as well as doing the firing, in this way gaining many novel effects.

Inverness propriety has triumphed over the nude in art, the sculptor of the Flora MacDonald statue having agreed to put shoes and stockings on her, as the Town Council requested.

The statue of Cardinal Newman which the University of Oxford declined to receive has been set up on a vacant plot of ground adjoining the Cardinal's house at the Brompton Oratory.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned to Toronto from their summer home in the Catskills, after an absence of nearly a year, a good part of which was spent abroad.

A collection of pictures by Mr. Edmund M. Morris, who returned this spring from abroad.

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Miss Marjorie—Isn't the water very warm at your house, Dr. Thirdly?  
Dr. Thirdly—No, my dear, why do you ask?  
Miss Marjorie—Well, mamma was lecturing pa the other day for not going to church, and he said that you didn't cut any ice.

#### A Life of Martyrdom.

Endured by Those Who Suffer From Constant Headache.

One Who Suffered Thus for Over Twenty Years Relates Her Experience, Which Will Prove Valuable to Others.

From the *Tribune*, Mattawa, Ont.

Among the residents in the vicinity of Mattawa there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. R. Ranson, who have been residents of this section for the past fifteen years. Mrs. Ranson has been a great sufferer for years, her affliction taking the form of dizziness and violent headaches, and the attacks would come upon her so suddenly that she could scarcely reach her bed unaided, and would be forced to remain for three or four days, unable to take any nourishment and suffering more than tongue can express. She was but seventeen years of age when these attacks first came upon her, and the doctor who then attended her, said that in his opinion her life would not extend over a few years at most. But more than a score of years have since passed during the greater part of which, it is true, Mrs. Ranson was a great sufferer. But that is happily now past, and she is enjoying better health than ever she did. To a reporter of the *Tribune* Mrs. Ranson told her story, adding earnestly that she hoped her experience might prove of benefit to some other sufferer. She said: "The spells of dizziness and intense headaches would attack me every three or four weeks, and would last from two to four days at each attack, and with each attack my suffering appeared to grow more intense. I had good medical advice, and tried many remedies, but with no beneficial results. In the spring of 1895 my appetite began to fail, my hands and feet would swell, and my heart palpitate violently. I was utterly discouraged and felt that I would not live much longer. One day my daughter urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I had taken so much medicine with no benefit that I refused. However, she went to town and got four boxes, and to please her, more than for any hope of benefit, I agreed to take them. I did not find the first box did me any good, but by the time I had taken the second my appetite began to improve and I could sleep better. I then began to have faith in them, and as I continued their use, found myself constantly getting better. When I had finished the fourth box, both myself and friends were surprised to find that I had not had a headache for more than six weeks; the action of my heart had become regular and I could sleep soundly all night. I was still weak, however, and decided to continue the use of the pills, which I did until three more boxes were used. Since then I have been stronger than at any time for years before and have not had an ache or pain. I can do my work, have a new interest in life and feel ten years younger. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for others what they have done for me, and believing this I am glad to make my story public, in the hope that it will be of value to some sufferer."

One of the greatest artists of his time in black-and-white was George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier, who passed away last week. We cannot own to unqualified admiration for his technique, or for the monotony of the few types used as his models, but his work was full of refinement and power, and for years he has given the public the most delightfully drawn satires on society, delightful for the drawing even more than the satire. On his father's side, as the name would indicate, he was of French extraction, though a British subject. His memories of his student life in Paris, under the famous M. Gleyre, he gives most vividly in *Tribly*; indeed, it must surely be that glamor of youth that he was able so well to recall that is the chief charm in that much discussed book. He also studied in Antwerp and Dusseldorf. He first began to draw in England for *Once a Week*, afterwards for *Punch* and *The Cornhill Magazine*, and was finally placed on the *Punch* staff. Mr. Du Maurier illustrated Esmond, Thackeray's *Balads*, and many other books, but success and fame came to him chiefly through *Tribly*—a success which his friends claim killed him. Perhaps so. Few have the chance to die from such a cause. Those who have read it will not easily forget a quaint, beautiful poem that was published about a year ago by Mr. Du Maurier called *The Chimes*. An American interviewer not long ago described him in his home: "George Du Maurier is a slight and somewhat stooped man, who looks younger than he would have his friends believe when he tells them that he is working with especial care now so that the 'shakiness of old age' may not be apparent in his drawings. He is far from 'old age,' although he seems not to be robust, and his eyes—the eyes which have been seeing such handsome women and well-groomed men for *Punch* these twenty years—give him a good bit of trouble. He was a picturesque figure—an artist from the crown of his head to his slipper-sole. He is the sweetest masculine character I ever met in my life. He has a charming and winning disposition, he is devoted to his family, he has been a hard student and worker in his art, and is to his friends a frank, affectionate and entertaining comrade."

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looking archly at her, "Oh, you pretty, pretty lass!" The girl tossed her head, and replied, "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment!" "Faix you could if you had lied as I did," said he, as he walked away from the indignant maid.

"How did you get in there, in the first place?" asked the rescuers, who had pulled Mr. Kerrigan from the canal. "Be way up the top," said Mr. Kerrigan. However, it was too late to throw him in again. *Cincinnati Enquirer*. "On the level, is he crooked?" "Sure. He's wrong, all right."—*New York Sun*.

#### The Critic's Verdict.

DEAR SIR—I advise you to work your drama over, condense the five acts into one—try to lay the point in one query and one answer and send it as a joke to a comic paper.

Yours truly,  
CRITIC.

#### In Class.

Teacher—Yes, and what did Lot's wife do then?

Scholar (aged 5)—Oh, she looked behind and got turned into a salt post—well, those girls needn't laugh, 'twasn't a salt cellar, I know.

#### It was Easy Enough.

Bazar.

Pat was a very ugly man, and was fully conscious of his lack of good looks, but this fact did not deter him from being a "lady-killer." One day, as he was crossing a ditch, he met a girl. As she was about to pass him, he said,





The local concert season was formally opened by the Toronto Philharmonic on Monday evening, when Rossini's beautiful sacred work, the Stabat Mater, was presented, besides a miscellaneous programme of rare excellence and charming variety. The sensuous beauty of the Stabat Mater, its dramatic brilliancy and wonderful effectiveness generally, have rendered this work one of the most popular in the modern repertoire of sacred compositions for chorus and orchestra. Objections are often-times raised by critics that the Stabat Mater partakes too much of the character of operatic music, and the composer has frequently been accused of "importing the strains of the theater into the church." As Rockstro has pointed out, Rossini's setting of the text is very different from any of the innumerable settings of the same poem either by classical or modern composers, and has made its words familiar to thousands, if not millions, who would never otherwise have heard them. "Of critics who judge the work harshly," says Rockstro, "and dilettanti who can listen to it unmoved, we can but say that they must either be case-hardened by pedantry, or destitute of all ear for music." The performance of the work on Monday evening last was highly creditable to the conductor of the Society, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, and to the forces under his control. An effective chorus of about two hundred voices, a tolerably efficient orchestra of about forty performers and an excellent group of soloists, constituted the resources for the occasion. Several of the choruses were given with telling effect, and the conductor was compelled to bow his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic applause which greeted the singing of the well known unaccompanied chorus contained in the work. The playing of the orchestra was, all things considered, generally satisfactory. The soloists were: Mr. William Lavin, tenor; Mme. Alma Powell, soprano; Mgne. Lucy Franklin, contralto, and Dr. Carl Duft, basso. Mr. Lavin won a distinct triumph through his splendid rendering of the Cujus Animam. His singing in the Stabat Mater and his subsequent admirable interpretation of several songs in the miscellaneous part of the programme were among the most delightful features of the concert. The effect of his recent European experiences in Germany, France and Belgium was evident in the increased breadth of style and the refined and artistic phrasing which pervaded all his work. He has probably no superior on the continent to-day as a concert tenor. The enthusiasm of the audience found expression in applause which subsided only when Mr. Lavin finally responded with encore numbers. The soprano, Mne. Alma Powell, is the possessor of a voice of rare beauty but of hardly sufficient strength for the exacting solo work contained in the Stabat Mater. The inflammation, with its solo obligato, lost much in effect because of Mne. Powell's lack of dramatic power. Her solos in the second part of the programme were most artistically sung and warmly encored. Mne. Franklin created a very favorable impression both in her solos and the concerted work in the first part of the programme. Her voice, which is rich in quality, has been admirably developed. Dr. Duft sang with his accustomed success during the evening and further established himself as a favorite with the musical people of Toronto. The Boston Quintette Club assisted the orchestra in the Stabat Mater and rendered several ensemble and solo selections in the miscellaneous programme. This organization is one of the best of the kind in America, and contains among its members several veteran artists who are always warmly welcomed in this city. The concert as a whole was an artistic success upon which the Society may be congratulated. It is to be regretted, however, that it was not more numerously attended.

The New York Musical Courier has much fault to find with the orchestral work which is being presented from time to time by leading orchestras of the metropolis, and ascribes what it alleges to be very inferior performances to lack of discipline, insufficient rehearsals, and incompetency on the part of many of the players. There have appeared indignant protests from some of the players alluded to by the Musical Courier, and an effort is being made to ascribe want of success to the conductor, Mr. Seidl. With reference to the criticisms of his conductor by disgruntled members of the New York Philharmonic Society, the Musical Courier makes the following amusing statements: "We did not know that Mr. Seidl has three, 'even four,' rehearsals allowed him for each concert. Mr. Seidl will be surprised to learn that himself. Nor have we seen Mr. Seidl rehearse, but if he did not rehearse his men properly he would not be Anton Seidl, one of the world's famous conductors. No amount of special pleading or personal abuse of this sort can convince us that the Philharmonic Society cares to rehearse, or in fact cares for anything but its dividends and its beer. The Lazy Musicians Society is great on the beer question. It will spend six hours a day discussing the hop question in front of the gigantic bar at the Aschenbroedel Club, although it begrudges two hours for the rehearsal of a new symphonic work. The Lazy Musicians Society would like programmes made up of the Mozart G minor, the Haydn E flat and the Beethoven C minor symphonies, for these works it has played so long that further rehearsing would be an impertinence. That is, the Lazy Musicians Society thinks so, not the public, which is weary with the perfunctory scraping and blowing of the moth-eaten band of the Philharmonic Society. What, then, we repeat, can Mr. Seidl do with a lot of doddering

old men who should be in bed at seven every night and not allowed to mander over the scores of Wagner and Tchaikowsky? Rehearse, yes, by all means rehearse, but what is the use of rehearsing corpses? The present condition of affairs in the Philharmonic Society is worse than desperate; it is ghastly. From the above it would appear that even the great Seidl must have the best of material in order to produce the best effects. This should not be forgotten by many who are disposed to criticize too severely the work of our own local conductors, who have much to contend with as regards the make-up of hands placed at their disposal. It might not be out of place to state that the Metropolitan Orchestra, which appears in Massey Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday next, is an organization entirely distinct from the moss-grown aggregation known as the Philharmonic Society of New York.

A vocal organ recital was given at the warehouses of Messrs. Mason & Risch on Thursday evening of last week by Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' cathedral. Dr. Hammond's selections were well calculated to display to best advantage the many admirable qualities of the instrument used on this occasion, which, by the way, was a duplicate of the splendid vocal organ supplied to the renowned prima donna, Madame Adelina Patti, for her Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales. Among the numbers rendered, special mention should be made of a new Organ Suite by Oliver King, consisting of an Introduction, Gavotte, Pastorale and Finale; an Overture by Dr. J. V. Roberts, and a Festival March by the soloist of the evening. Frequent and hearty applause from the large audience present testified to the excellent impression created by Dr. Hammond's playing during the evening. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss Elda Idle, soprano; Miss Mima Lund, contralto; Mr. Thomas Shortless, tenor; Mr. H. C. Johnson, tenor; Mr. H. P. Stutchbury, baritone; Mr. H. H. Saunders, bass; the Verdi Quartette and St. James' cathedral Male Chorus. The manner in which the entire programme was carried out reflected most creditably upon all who participated. The desire was expressed by many after the recital, that Dr. Hammond should arrange a series of recitals at St. James' in the near future. The fine organ of the cathedral has all too seldom been heard excepting in connection with the regular Sunday services of the church. An occasional week night recital would be a welcome addition to the season's musical doings.

"The Raconteur," in last week's Musical Courier, sums up his recent European experiences in the following terms: "Now, I don't mind confessing to you that I like Europe better than New York—in the summer time. Then a trip abroad thrushes some of the conceit out of you. You swim over on a steel boat, leaving the greatest land on God's earth, and presently you are confronted with the past, the past of England, France, Italy and Germany, and then, somehow, all the bounce, brag, bluster and brashness becomes impertinence. The great calm marbles of the Louvre, they have been living hushed, strange lives for centuries. How they rebuke your occidental freshness! The magnificent stone harmonies of Westminster, the fantastic colors of Nuremberg, how they say: 'We, too, have lived; still live; but why make such a noise about it?'" And even the silver question failed to agitate Bayreuth. Cosima is a gold bug. Seriously a trip to the Continent purifies, purges and elevates the artist and student. Yet I cannot help wishing that some Rock-feller, some Vanderbilt, some Steinway, would endow a Wagner theater for America and the Americans. Fancy such a scheme! Every spring the music-thirsty pilgrim could travel to the shrine and worship. No four thousand mile trips over water and land. Build a theater on Bayreuthian lines, make the prices popular, let Anton Seidl manage the entire enterprise, hire great artists from abroad until we raised an American crop of Wagner singers. Then give a series of model performances that will make Wagner push up his slab at Wahnfried, give Parsifal, the Ring, Tristan and the entire repertory. Why not, oh ye millionaires, instead of endowing dry-as-dust colleges, wherein one imbibes false theology, false politics and false notions of life generally (oh, the dreadful unlearning of college educations!), why not erect a temple to the service of Beauty? And make me ticket taker?

One of our most prominent Canadian musicians, a gentleman of English birth, assures me that my comments in last week's issue as to the ignorance which prevails in England concerning the musical development of this country are well within the mark. He informs me that during a sojourn of several weeks in London some years ago, he was astounded at the prevalent misconceptions on the part of English musicians generally as to the actual progress which has been made in this country in matters musical. He confessed to a sense of humiliation that the country of his adoption should be regarded with such evident contempt by those who, above all others, might be expected to know better. We have, no doubt, much to learn from the Mother Land, but such of us as have been privileged to visit England, Germany and other European countries from time to time do not feel that we have occasion to apologize for things as they are in Canada. The average musical intelligence of the people of this province will, I believe, compare very favorably with that of any of the older lands.

The date of the next Mendelssohn Choir concert has been fixed for January 24. Mlle. Adele Ausder Ohe, the eminent pianiste, whose great triumph at the Nordica concert given in Massey hall in June, 1895, will still be remembered by all who were then present, has been engaged for the occasion. Besides this splendid artist, a celebrated soprano is being communicated with and will be engaged for the event. The officers of the Choir feel safe in predicting the most artistic concert in the history of the society.

Reference was made in this column several weeks since to a circular sent out by Mr. Lantz of Buffalo, in which that liberal patron of music threatened to withdraw the concerts of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra unless more generous public support were given to the enterprise. The people have since replied in a manner which speaks eloquently for their love of good music. Their response is said to have made it possible to conduct the concerts this season with greater *relat* than ever before.

Thursday of next week is the last date up to which candidates may enter for the scholarship

competitions in the piano, violin, vocal and art departments of the Metropolitan School of Music, Queen street west. Among the ten teachers contributing these valuable opportunities are Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the Metropolitan's music director, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. Klingensfeld, Mrs. Jarry and others who are well known professionally.

Mr. H. Klingensfeld, the well known violinist, is reorganizing his orchestra for this season. A goodly number of our best amateurs have already joined, and, being thus encouraged, Mr. Klingensfeld expects good results in his enterprise. He cordially invites any amateur or professional players who enjoy orchestral work to join the orchestra. Applications should be addressed to his residence, 494 Huron street.

NEW MUSIC.—The Last Rose of Summer, an unaccompanied part-song for men's voices, arranged and published by Stocks Hammond, Mus. Doc. This interesting little work is dedicated to Mr. W. H. Brouse, president of the Toronto Male Chorus Club. It is neatly gotten up in octavo form, (printing and engraving by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co.), and can be procured at any of our music stores.

The newly constructed organ of Jarvis street Baptist church was used for the first time at the services on Sunday last. The great improvement in the combined tone of the instrument, as well as the many novel and beautiful solo effects obtainable, elicited many and enthusiastic comments from connoisseurs present.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club rehearsals for this season are proceeding most satisfactorily under the baton of the new conductor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson. Many new members have joined the organization, and the general quality of tone of the chorus is equal, if not superior, to the best in the history of this popular club.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth's new songs, The Diver, for baritone, and Love Springs Up Wild, for mezzo-soprano, have recently been sung at various concerts in American cities. These excellent songs have been received with much favor, both by the critics and concert public across the border.

#### Unselfish.

A small boy belonging to a family of five came into the house one day with five stones, which he cheerfully explained were to be tombstones for each member of the family. Later his little sister, counting them, said: "Here is a tombstone for father dear! Here is one for mother! Here is brother's! Here is the baby's; but there is none here for Katie, the nurse." Then she quickly added, "Oh! well, never mind; Katie can have mine, and I'll live!"

First Artist—Congratulate me, old man. I've just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvenu for 5,000 marks. Second Artist—Glad to hear it—the miserable skinkint deserves to be stuck. —*Fliegende Blätter.*

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## Social and Personal.

Miss Skill is the guest of Mrs. Edmund Bristol of Huron street.

The lady managers of the Infants' Home and Infirmary held their annual meeting on Friday, October 16, at 4 o'clock.

Among the list of passengers sailing on the new Canadian flyer Canada on her maiden trip from Montreal this week, appear the names of the following Torontonians: Mr. Walter Perkins, Miss Stewart, Miss Hazelton, Mr. John Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bridges, Miss and Master Bridges, Miss Jackson and Mrs. Ashford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sims, Miss Chewitt, Miss B. Chewitt and Miss H. Chewitt sail from New York to-day for Europe on Cunard steamer Umbria.

Miss Minnie A. Platts of Sherbourne street has returned from a three months' visit to Ottawa Beach, Mich., Grand Rapids and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie have removed to 133 Beverley street, where Mrs. Ritchie will receive on Wednesdays.

Mrs. Suydam and Miss Coldham are on a visit to friends in Toledo.

Miss Louie Meredith of London, who has been visiting friends in Rosedale, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeadon Hall gave a lovely luncheon to a number of friends on Wednesday. The table was beautifully decorated with pink and deep crimson roses, ferns and pink silk. The guests were: Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. James, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Marani, Miss Perkins, Mrs. George S. Ryerson, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Spragge, Miss Skill and Mrs. Henry Totten.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. James gave a charming dinner at Benvenuto.

Jean Blewett, whose charming pen-pictures have pleased many readers, passed through Toronto on her way home from Ottawa on Wednesday.

The Misses Drynan are visiting in Midland.

Mr. Walter S. Lee has gone to Winnipeg.



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Mr. Williams will present KING HENRY IV., PART I., in monologue, impersonating all the characters.

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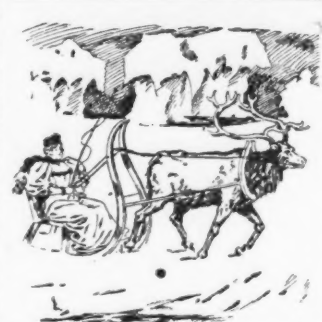
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through all its varying moods if you have your clothing interlined with **Fibre Chamois**. This wonderful fabric is so light that you never notice its presence in a garment till you get out into the wind and cold, then you realize that you are cosily warm even tho' lightly clad. **Fibre Chamois** is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, not the strongest wintry blast can penetrate it, nor can the natural warmth of the body escape through it—This explanation and the fact that it sells for 25c a yard gives the whole story, and easily proves that for health and comfort's sake you can't do without it.

Sure Conclusion.



Chapwell—Yes, but you see if Frederick Lyonde's name is on the bottom of your photograph your friends will know you patronize the leading photographer; and then again, his prices are always moderate. Studio, 101 King street west, Toronto, Canada.

## Stylish Furs

SUCH AS...

Seal Skin Jackets  
Fur-lined Garments

Opera Cloaks, Fur-lined and Trimmed, can always be found at

G. R. RENFREW & CO.'S

5 King St. East, Toronto

35 & 37 Buade St., Quebec.

Pattern book and price list sent on application.

## The Barber & Ellis Co'y

Nos. 43, 45, 47, 49 Bay Street

Are making a very complete and superior line of...

WEDDING COODS

Equal in every respect to the imported and much cheaper.

TORONTO

## TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS

## BARGAIN MATINEES

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

ENTIRE BALCONY 15c ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR 25c

NEXT WEEK

Grand Scenic Production

FRANK HARVEY'S  
POWERFUL PLAY

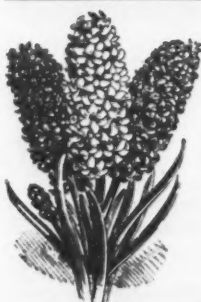
The Land  
... OF ...  
The Living

Superbly Presented

Capable Company of 20 Players  
Novel Realistic Scenic Effects

EVERY SCENE NEW  
Situation a Surprise  
Effect Original  
ACT A GEM

Coming—JAS. J. CORBETT



Dutch Flowering

## Bulbs

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Snowdrops, Narcissus, Lilies, Etc.

Good sound Bulbs, and prices right.

Autumn Catalogue (free)

The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Ltd  
130 and 132 King Street East. Tel. 1982

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, Etc.

TRY

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

"R. & T. W." stamped on each drop.

MRS. LAUDER'S classes in...

GERMAN AND FRENCH

are being formed. Italian if desired. Conversation a specialty. Hours to suit all.

Apply Box F, SATURDAY NIGHT, and send addressed and stamped envelope for reply.



## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher are at 232 Jarvis street for the winter. Mrs. Fletcher will be at home on the first, second and third Mondays.

The third annual ceramic exhibition of the W. A. A. opens on Monday at three in Roberts' gallery in King street west.

Mrs. John Jordan and Miss Charlotte Jordan have returned to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after spending a pleasant month in Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, etc. They were accompanied by Miss Nan Slaven of Orillia.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed is away in Detroit for the marriage of her sister, and will not be home for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Galbraith have rented their house on Shuter street and will reside for the winter at 13 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Galbraith receives on Tuesday. Miss Clark, daughter of Canon Clark, and Miss Dymont of Barrie, are visiting Mrs. Galbraith.

Mr. Bob McCulloch was dined by a number of his gentlemen friends on Saturday evening and bidden farewell in truly convivial style. The good wishes, regretful bachelor monologues and erratic advice usually indulged in on the exit of a popular bachelor from the state of single blessedness, were duly brought into prominence by as jolly a crowd of men as ever made night jovial until three o'clock in the morning. Mr. McCulloch's happy choice doubtless inspired the congratulations of the party with additional fervor, for no sweeter bride ever wore the orange blossoms than Miss Leslie, "Bonnie Leslie," as she has been lovingly called by some of her friends.

Mrs. W. McCaskill Warden of 9 Madison avenue held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. The prettiest little bride who ever ruled over a *bijou menage* is Mrs. Warden, who was a picture on Wednesday in a charming frock of yellow *noire*, with touches of heliotrope and moss-green velvet on the bodice, and falls of very fine and cobwebby lace. Three ex-bride-maidens, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Miss Warden and Miss Leila Mackay, presided at the tea-table, and if the visitors do not dream good things over the wedding-cake they supplied, then the brightness of their smiles doesn't reach to dreamland. The young ladies wore their golden yellow frocks, as at the wedding, and made a charming trio.

The engagement is announced of Dr. I. L. Day of Montreal to Miss Gertrude E. Thompson. The wedding will take place early in December.

Miss Phia Lund of Woodstock, who has been visiting in Port Arthur and Winnipeg for three months, is spending a few days with her sister, Miss Mina Lund of Pembroke street, the well known contralto singer, on her return home.

Mrs. J. Forbes Michie held her first reception last week at her home in Beverley street. Mrs. Michie receives on the first and third Wednesdays.

The Misses Michie gave a pleasant little tea on Wednesday at their home on Wellington place, I fancy mostly for young ladies.

Miss Eva Gooderham gave a tea on Wednesday for young Mrs. Farncombe (nee Morson), whose marriage was such a pretty event of the summer.

The engagement is announced at Nanaimo B.C. of Mr. Fred C. Stearman and Miss Maud Strachan, formerly of Guelph, Ont.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Miss Edith Yarker has been pronounced out of danger by the physicians in attendance, and that after eight weeks' siege of typhoid she is now slowly convalescing. The bulletin which has been scanned so anxiously by the friends of the family is at last removed from the gate, and people may express to Miss Yarker's devoted mother their pleasure at her child's recovery.

Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter will receive on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of next week.

Some entirely novel features never before seen on any wheels I hear are likely to be embodied in the Cleveland '97 model. Just what these improvements are the H. A. Lozier Co. decline to state positively; they only admit that their travelers will shortly be on the road and that it is their intention to be as much in the lead next season as they have been for years previous.

Mr. Hojack—Miss Tenspot must be surpassingly beautiful. Mr. Tomdik—Indeed! What makes you think so? "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

Howso—I can do my best work when it's hot. Cumso—What a great future you have before you!—Life.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

Round Trip Tickets will be issued at  
**SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE**

To all points.  
**MATTAWA**  
TO  
**NEPIGON and SPANISH**  
INCLUSIVE.

OCT. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, NOV. 2

All tickets good to return until Dec. 15th, 1896.  
Full particulars from any C. P. Ry. Agent

## Robert Hilliard Coming to the Grand.

Lost 24 Hours, the comedy which Robert Hilliard and his company will present at the Grand during the first half of the week, is pronounced one of the funniest produced in late years. The Mummy will be put on Thursday evening and for the balance of the week. It is a reigning London success and introduces a lot of fine Paris gowns. Miss Bingham, Miss Kenyon and Miss Whitehouse are described as three very pretty and clever actresses.

## The Advance of the Fashions.

"Coming Styles designed by the Great Costumers of Europe" is the title of a most artistic brochure just issued by the Corticelli Silk Company of St. Johns, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. Within its covers are contained two full page colored designs from each of the leading costumers of the fourteen great cities of Europe, i. e.: Paris, London, Berlin, Frankfurt, Brussels, the Hague, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Turin, Florence, Moscow, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool. The illustrations show the

style, material and color of the different gowns, jackets or cloaks exactly as they appear when made up, and as they anticipate the coming modes, are accurate in every detail, the publication is of course of much value to the dress-maker, the storekeeper or the lady of fashion. Price 20 cents, and 2 cents extra for postage. Corticelli Silk Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, St. Johns, P. Q.

## Turkish Exhibit.

At the auction rooms of the William Dickson Company, No. 73 King street east, a collection of the art productions of the Orient is now on exhibition, consisting of carpets, rugs and palace strips from Turkey, India and Persia; portieres and curtains from Arabia, and a magnificent display of embroideries, the handwork of the natives of Bulgaria. These goods, as will be seen by the advertisement, are all "Exhibition goods," which means that none but the highest class are in the collection. It is certainly a very interesting exhibit, and we should say the best in this line that we have seen here.

## 18 Years' Experience

The proper construction of a bicycle cannot be discovered in a day or a year. The merest trifle wrong, and the bicycle breaks or runs hard. Our 18 years' experience, tried and proved, is what maintains



STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows quality and workmanship are right. The Columbia scientific methods make them so. **\$110 to all alike.**

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.  
**POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

**McDONALD & WILLSON, Agents, 187 Yonge St., Toronto**

## Premiers Agree!

All the First Ministers of the last three Parliaments agree to the merits of Safford Radiators—their residences are fitted throughout with them.

## SAFFORD Patent Radiators

FOR

House Warming  
Lead the World

They Never  
Give Trouble

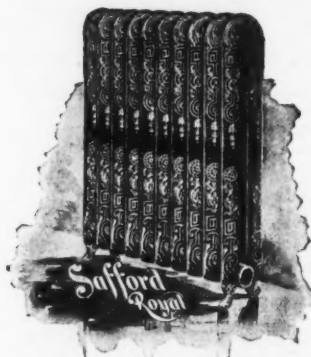
Always Clean  
Most Artistic

Made only by...

**The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'F'G CO., Ltd.**

TORONTO, Ont.

**The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag**



## R. Walker & Sons Ladies' Ready to Wear Garments

New Goods in the following just opened up

**Ladies' Shirt Waists** in fancy Plaids and Tartans, some with Bishop sleeves, others tight fitting with large puffs at top, \$2.25, \$2.75, \$2.90 and \$3.75. Same styles in Black and Colored Cashmeres, \$2.75.

**Shot Silk Shirt Waists** in a variety of effects at \$4.75.

**Silk Moire Underskirts** Fancy stripes, flannel lined, deep flounce, \$7.50.

**Moreen Skirts** Flannel lined, deep flounce, \$3.50.

**Ladies' Tea Gowns** in Cashmere and Crepon in all colors, lace and ribbon trimmings, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00 to \$18.00. **Fancy Stripe Eider Flannelette Gowns**, some with girde others with ribbon, \$3.00 to \$4.50. **Ladies' Breakfast Jackets** in fancy stripe Eider Stockette, in pink, blue, heliotrope, \$3.00. **Ladies' Dressing Jackets**, \$2.00, \$2.50, in cream, pink, sky.

**R. Walker & Sons** 33 to 43 King St. East Toronto

## Anyone... Who Travels

WILL APPRECIATE THE

## FLAT COLLAR and CUFF CASE

It is specially adapted for traveling purposes, owing to the small amount of space it occupies in the bag.

MADK BY...

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**

105 KING ST. WEST

TORONTO

TELEPHONE 233

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Mailed on Application

FALL AND WINTER.

1896-1897

"You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

## CORRECT STYLES

Designed by the great costumers of Europe, is the title of the most artistic and up to date fashion publication which has ever been issued.

Its object is to give the lady patrons of Corticelli Silk, at a nominal cost, exact models of the latest continental styles, simultaneously with their bringing out in Europe.

The Fall and Winter edition is now ready. If you cannot procure it from your nearest dry goods dealer, we will mail it you on receipt of 20 cents and 2 cents extra for postage.

## CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd.,

Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and St. Johns, P. Q.

**The WM. DICKSON CO., Ltd.**

## VERY IMPORTANT SALE

OF

TURKISH, PERSIAN AND INDIAN

Rugs, Carpets and Palace Strips, Djidjin and Bagdad Portieres, Oriental Embroideries, &c.

ALL EXHIBITION GOODS

The undersigned are pleased to announce that the Annual Sale of the above Oriental Art Productions will be held at their rooms

NO. 73 KING STREET EAST

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20th and 21st

AT 2 O'CLOCK EACH AFTERNOON.

This consignment of Eastern Art Goods were specially selected and collected eighteen months ago by Messrs. Abram Sadullah & Freres, of Tabreez, for the purpose of exhibiting at the British Empire Exposition, which was then supposed to be held in Montreal this year, but which so ignominiously fell through, to the disappointment of the owners of this consignment. This being the case, the entire shipment was transferred to Messrs. M. Hicks & Co., of Montreal, with instructions to divide it into sections and to sell it by auction in Montreal and Toronto, so that the two cities would stand on equal terms as to variety, richness and quality of the goods.

The entire collection will be on view Friday, Saturday and Monday, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Visitors will find this a very interesting exhibit, as every Rug Carpet and Embroidery are represented in the consignment.

SALE DATES—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 20 and 21, at 2 o'clock each day.

E. O'BRIEN, Representative.

WM. DICKSON, Auctioneer.

## CHINA HALL

49 KING STREET EAST

## Royal Worcester

Another assortment of the celebrated ware just to hand, in the newest shapes and decorations.

## JOSEPH IRVING

IMPORTER

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

McCONVEY—At 69 Tranby avenue, on October 4.

Mrs. J. J. McConvey—a daughter.

HUGHES—Oct. 6, Mrs. D. E. Hughes—a son.

McPHERSON—Oct. 8, Mrs. W. D. McPherson—a daughter.

DOWNER—Oct. 8, Mrs. J. M. Downer—a son.

McTEAR—Oct. 9, Mrs. A. L. McTear—a daughter.

ADAMSON—Oct. 8, Mrs. Alex. Adamson—a son.

DUNLOP—Oct. 11, Mrs. J. H. Dunlop—a son.

PRICE—Oct. 11, Mrs. Lewis A. Price—a son.

VEDDER—Oct. 9, Mrs. Harmon Vedder—a son.

CURRIE—Oct. 14, Mrs. J. A. Currie—a daughter.

Marriages.

McCORMICK—GOODERHAM—At the residence of the bride's parents, 502 Sherbourne street, Toronto, on October 14, Albert Lautein McCormick of Baltimore, Md., to Dora Beatrice Gooderham, daughter of Mr. C. H. Gooderham.

KYLE—JOHNSTON—At Dundas, October 8, by Rev. Mr. Lang, Hattie Kyle to Alexander L. Johnston.

OLIVER—GRANT—Trail, B.C., Oct. 13, Wm. T. Oliver to Mabel Grant.

HEWLETT—McKAY—Oct. 14, W. H. Hewlett to Annie D. McKay.

McCULLOCH—LESLIE—Oct. 14, Robert O. McCulloch to Louisa Leslie.

ROBINSON—BEAUMONT—Oct. 14, James E. Robin-

son to Mamie Beaumont.

AIKINS—RUSSELL—Oct. 7, James Aikins to Ellen Florence Russell.

DEROCHE—McCULLOCH—Oct. 7, George E. Deroche to Bertha E. McCulloch.

HUNT—AIKMAN—Oct. 8, William G. Hunt to Lilian May Aikman.

McMASTER—DRYDEN—Oct. 8, Wm. W. McMaster to Emma Josephine Dryden.

PUTTMAN—SNITSINGER—Oct. 3, Paul Puttman to Edith I. Snitsinger.

BAKER—KENDRICK—Oct. 7, Francis S. Baker to Florence M. Kendrick.

CAMPBELL—BRANDER—Oct. —, Rev. Donald L. Campbell to Mary Brander.

Deaths.

FORSTER—Oct. 8, John Forster, aged 78.

ALLEN—Oct. 7, Wm. Allen, aged 81.

GOULDING—Oct. 9, J. Harry Goulding.

HANLEY—Oct. 9, Thomas Hanley, aged 57.

McLEAN—Oct. 13, Robert McLean, aged 79.

HINDS—Oct. 6, Tompe Litton Hinds.

MILLER—Oct. 8, Susanah Miller, aged 79.

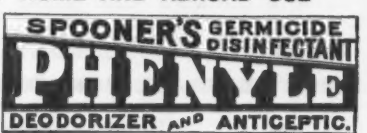
COOKE—Oct. 11, Charles Cooke.

NELLES—Oct. 9, Warner H. Nelles, aged 97.

JEFFERS—Oct. 9, Hattie Margery Jeffers, aged 14 months.

Rev. P. Astor—Deeply beloved, in order that none of you may overlook yourselves and miss your dinners to-day, I've brought along this alarm clock, which will go off when I begin my "thirdly," and give you ample time to be up and refreshed when "in conclusion" is reached.—New York Herald.

TAKE SANITARY PRECAUTION  
AT HOME AND ABROAD—USE



NO END TO ITS EFFICIENCY. BEST PEOPLE KNOW ITS VALUE. ENQUIRE AT DRUG STORES. TAKE NO OTHER.

## 1896 WALL PAPERS 1896

THE BIG STORE, which looks right down Carlton Street, 436 Yonge Street, has been a great boom to us this year.

Greater Variety

We have the store to handle big lots—CAR LOADS. You know it takes lots of room to show car loads of goods.

The Best Selection in Canada

We have been told that thousands of times. Some will not believe it; to those we would say, "Come and see."

Prices Lower than Ever

The best way to prove that is to call and examine for yourself.

The Big Store, PILES OF GOODS, new goods, low prices, small profits, obliging salesmen, intelligent salesmen.

We are speaking to YOU because we believe we have something YOU want.

CANADA'S GREATEST WALL PAPER HOUSE

436 YONGE STREET  
Opposite Carlton

MULLIN & MUIR'S